

Heroick Friendship.

A

TRAGEDY.

By the late Mr. OTWAY.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. MEARS at the *Lamb* without *Te*
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TRADE



By the Comptroller

T H E
P R E F A C E.

TH E Publisher informs the Reader he has had this Play several Years in his Hand, and that the Person whom he procur'd it from esteem'd it very much, and assur'd him it was Mr. *Otway's*; and any one of Taste, may perceive his Genius through the whole. 'Tis well known among the Dramatick Writers, that he left a Play behind him, equal, if not exceeding any of his former; and Mr. *Gildon* in his Account of the Dramatick Poets, mentions this of him, and the Play left unpublisk'd; which though some Part is foreign to my Purpose, I thought convenient to Transcribe the Whole.

' The Place of Mr. *Otway's* Birth I know not, but he
' was of a good Family, and has a Nephew a
' Captain in the present Service. He was bred at
' *Christ-Church* in *Oxon*, and thence remov'd to
' *London*, not going on with the Design of being
' of the Clergy; tho' at first but with little En-
' couragement here, being what a small Allow-
' ance and Salary from the Play-house afforded,

The P R E F A C E.

‘ for he was first a Player ; but after he had writ
‘ *Don Carlos* he began to have a Name, having
‘ in that Play discover’d some touches of a Talent
‘ very few of our *English* Poets have been Masters
‘ of, in moving the Passions that are and ought
‘ to be the Poets Aim. He was a Jovial Compa-
‘ nion, and a great Lover of the Bottle, particu-
‘ larly Punch, the last Thing he made before his
‘ Death, being an excellent Song on that Liquor.
‘ We have in print Ten of his Plays ; another
‘ more excellent than all of them, is by some
‘ malicious designing Person, suppos’d, either
‘ hereafter to set up a Reputation to themselves by
‘ owning it, or to procure a Profit by selling it
‘ for their own. Whither he design’d to make any
‘ Alteration, I leave the Reader to Judge?

His Humble Servant,

J. C.

PROLOGUE.

O U R Author, Sirs, invites you here to Day,

To share the Entertainment of his Play;

The Feast, 'tis true, he has prepar'd with Care,

Yet, still he Fears you should dislike your Fare :

He knows the dangerous hazard he must run,

To please the vicious Taste of every one.

That's not his Aim, he has his utmost Wish,

If the discerning few approve the Dish.

Those that have Relish, he less fears than they,

Who having none, before-hand Damn the Play ;

Such who are form'd so obstinately Dull,

They'll stop the Ears, and cry, The Man's a Fool.

Of these vain Fops, I think the Coast is Clear,

And hope, we have none who will disdain to Hear :

You are his Judges ; and he does submit,

To the Sentence given by the Judicious Pit.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Arbelline.	<i>King of Britain.</i>
Guiderius.	{ <i>Brother to the King, in Love</i> <i>with Aurofia.</i>
Madoc.	{ <i>The King's Favourite, Chief of the</i> <i>Druids or Priests of Britain.</i>
Decimus.	{ <i>A Roman General, Friend to</i> <i>Guiderius</i>

W O M E N.

Aurofia.	{ <i>A British Lady, in Love with Gui-</i> <i>derius.</i>
D. Claudia.	{ <i>Sister to Decimus, private Mistress</i> <i>to the King, Proud and Haugh-</i> <i>ty; in Love with Guiderius.</i>

SCENE *Britain.*

EPILOGUE.

AS in a Sketch you've seen a Figure stand,
Bold in its Out-lines, speak the Artist's Hand;
Void of false fading Colours it appears,
For none it wants, The Master Stroke it wears
Without superfluous Paint, and just Proportion bears.
Thus are our Scenes; What needs the Poets Name?
His lavish Fancy speaks enough his Fame;
You've seen him here in his accustom'd Dress,
Pointing the Way to Virtue thro' Distress,
Whilst Ruine to the Brave seems Happiness.
Strong are his Passions in a Lovesick Mind,
But stronger in the Crisis of a Friend.

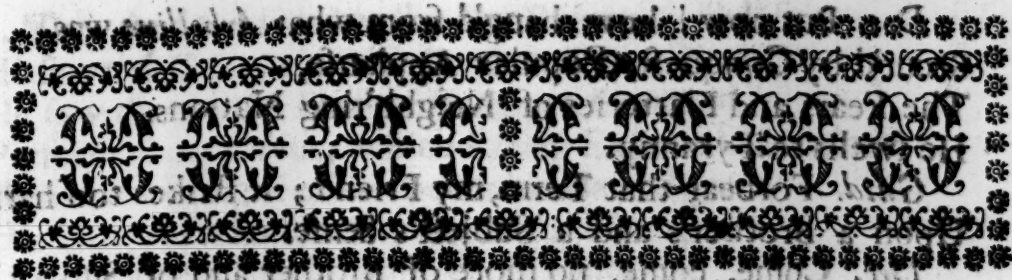
Indeed, if 'twas not for a Custom's Breach,
You'd not be pester'd with an After-speech;
But that our Stage has it in so much Vogue,
That a Plays naked 'thout an Epilogue;
Else what's a Varnish to such Manly Wit!
The Master Touches here will Start the Crit,
Who Dares to Damn a Play which OTWAY writ?
Criticks beware what Liberty you Use,
'Twill but Expose your Ignorance to refuse,
A Reverence Just to the Bard's silent Muse.

To those of sounder Judgment we submit,
(Who Scorn to mingle with an Envious Pit.
Just as their Sentence, willingly we yield;
And as they give it for us, stand the Field.

One Thing we've more to ask to solve our Care,
And that's the wonted Candour from the Fair;
Which if we gain, the Winds shall have our Fear.
Such a Concession from his native Isle,
Would make our Poet in Elysium Smile.

EPICURE.

A Bold in the Outlines, speak the Artist's Tale;
 Void of false flaring Colours it appears.
 For none it wants, The Master Stroke it wants
 Without superfluous Paint, and just Proportion here.
 Thus are our Scenes; What needs the Learner's Name?
 His last Fancy speaks enough his Fame;
 You've seen him here in his canonical Dress,
 Pointing the Way to the true and the Dismiss.
 With Ruins to the House seems Happiness.
 Severe are his Passions in a Lover's Mind,
 But milder in the Crisis of a Friend.
 Indeed, if 'twere not for a Custom's Bond,
 You'd not be pleas'd with an Actor's Speech;
 But that our Stage has it in so much Regard,
 That a Play's ranked 'th in an Epilogue;
 Else what's it worth to such many a Wit?
 The Master Touches here will start the Wit,
 Who Dares to Dare a Play which OTWAY writ?
 Critics beware what Liberty you take,
 'Twill but expose your Ignorance to make.
 A Reverence just to the Bard's great Mind,
 To those of Judgment and moderate Mind,
 Who seem to mingle with an Author's Pen,
 In their Sentences, willingly as given,
 And as they give it for as, stand the Title.
 One Thing we were to ask to close our Tale,
 And that's the sacred Legend from the Tale;
 Which if we gain, the Wonder all have can find,
 Such a Confession from his pen we find,
 Would make our Love in Epilogue find.



Heroick Friendship.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE a Royal Gallery.

Enter Guiderius and Decimus.

Guid.



Y Friend, — I can't but curse Tri-
umphant Power,
If thus it can transform the Noblest
Minds;
When the Crown fell, and Empire emp-
ty stood,

When joyful Britain hail'd him first its King,
How was he Lov'd! — Lov'd even to Adoration!
So Just, so Generous, Merciful, and Valiant,
We talk'd of nothing but a Reigning God,
And all our Dreams, were of a Golden Age.

B

Dec. But

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Dec. But now ! how chang'd from what *Arbellina* was
 Secur'd by Conquest, Popular Applause,
 The Fears and Flatteries of Neighb'ring Nations,
 He swells to Tyranny.

Guid. Forbear that Term, my Friend ; it strikes too harsh
 Upon a Brother's and a Subject's Sense.

Dec. Come, come, no more of Brother and of Subject ;
 Shake from thy Mind the Bonds of servile Custom,
 Merit prints out to thee the Orb of Honour,
 Arise, and Shine the highest ; ——— hear me Friend,
 Let thy bright Memory reflect thy Wrongs,
 And his Ingratitude ---- Thy dying Father,
 Royal in Fame and Faith, *Rome's* firm Ally,
 Left thee unsettled, to this Brother's Care,
 Thee his Last Born, but Eldest in his Love ;
 With all th' engaging Arguments, which Fondness
 And Pow'r bestow'd, cou'd urge in thy Behalf.

Guid. Nor did he deviate from the dying Will ;
 For like the Son, and Brother of a King,
 He us'd me still --- Nay, let me urge the Truth,
 I ev'n liv'd the Leader of his Favours,
 Till with the Legions you arriv'd from *Rome*,
 Against the Rising *Picts*.

Dec. Then what thy greater Glory shou'd have been,
 Prov'd thy Disgrace --- methinks I see the Plains
 Darken'd with dreadful Savages, which stood
 Resolv'd and numberless in rude Array,
 Grinning Defiance to Politer War.

Methinks I see thee foremost of the *Brittons*,
 (The Young, the Beautiful, the Gay *Guiderius*,
 Chief of the Courtiers, Darling of the Fair,)
 With Bravery unlook'd for, forcing Fame ;
 And like a new sprung Lion, ranging wide,
 Eager of Blood, and wanton of the Prey.

Guid. If emulating you I courted Danger,
 I went not unrewarded since that Day
 I gain'd you for my Friend. ———

Dec. And

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Dec. And thy Brother for thy Enemy — O Prince!
He saw thy Gallantry with Envious Eyes;
He saw thee in the Dawny Bloom of Manhood,
Perform those Deeds, which strong Experienc'd Valour
Shrunk at the sight of — hence his Hatred grew,
His base Aversion to thy mounting Fame,
Like a pretending Coward did he cast thee,
Forth from his Smiles, a Prey to Scorn and Sorrow.

Guid. Since Kings like Gods, may give and take away,
And plead no other Reason, but their Pleasure;
Oh! *Decimus*! --- I should have dy'd in Battle,
Had Fate propitious been. ---

Dec. ----- all thy Posts,
Of Honour, Trust and Profit, has he giv'n
To Factious Cowards, Flatterers, and Fops; ---
Who from their Lofty, their luxurious Lodgings,
Behold thee, (fall'n Favourite) with Contempt,
Or in their Golden Chariots, proudly lolling,
For Fashions Sake vouchsafe a formal Bow.

Guid. Meer Apes alas! Of Pow'r, who mimic Greatness,
Who walk and talk, nay, act too by Example;
And only in their aukward Pride are Presidents.
But sure the Time will come, when these shall fall,
These Sons of Folly, nauseous to the Subject;
And patient Merit be again restor'd.

Dec. Your Hopes are Mean and Vain; can Manly Virtue
Be thus forgetful of it self? — ye Pow'rs!
Esmire and *Otham* Yesterday were living;
Esmire the Leader of that treach'rous Zeal,
Which Rigour ne'er cou'd tame, nor Gentleness affect,
Like Serpents, in the Winter of their Fortune,
They lurk in Holes and seem to mischief Dead?
But when Rebellion Scorches, out they spring,
Renew'd in hopeful Strength, and Hiss aloft.

Guid. And cou'd I have comply'd without Dishonour,
Without obliterating former Fame,
With those ill Humours, which infest the Kingdom,

Those Seeds of Slavery, those restless Wretches,
Who envy others Good, and scorn their own;
Those Fogs that from the waste of Empire rise,
Aiming to cloud the Sun, and shade the Land.

Dec. No Prince — but when their Secrets you disclos'd,
When by your Means, this shining Brother seiz'd
The willing Traitors, and secur'd his Crown:
Did he not well to thank you with a Grin,
A Cold insulting Grin; as if he'd say,
This hast thou done, to screw into my Favour,

Guid. Oh! Gods! — —

Dec. Out with it; give a loose to manly Rage,
Awake thy Soul, with this abhor'd Ingratitude,
And muster up thy Thoughts to brave Designs;
Curse thy vain Hopes, curse thy profusely Loyalty,
Which sav'd his State and him from utter Ruin.

Guid. Oh! That I cou'd repent the Generous Deed;
Oh! That I ne're had known to act it.

Dec. Hadst thou ne're known it safe had been thy Life.

Guid. My Life. — —

Dec. Thy Life: what else can this vile Usage mean,
But on some desperate Attempt to force thee;
That Death design'd, may wear the Face of Justice.

Guid. Thou hast alarm'd me from the lowest Soul,
And Nature rises in her own Defence;
Follow'd by crowding Passions, Vengeance urging;
Vengeance to utmost Earth I cou'd pursue,
Through Bounds of Fire, or undiscover'd Deeps;
Or Perish, or be Satisfy'd.

Dec. Since I have warm'd thee to my wish, I'll tell thee:
'Tis in thy Pow'r to right thy self, nay more;
To punish this Unjust, Ungrateful Brother;
To be the King of Britain — — Start not Friend,
I love thee, by the Gods I love thy Honour;
The Romans love thee, and the warring Britton,
Keeps his Sword, his nimble Buckler bright,
And murmurs for *Guidarius*. — —

Guid. Ha!

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Guid. Ha! Whither am I push'd? — on mighty *Roman*;
Tho' my Soul Hungers, after Arms and Glory,
Insatiably as thine; form'd of those eager Fires,
Which struggle to ascend Immortal Heights,
Or be extinguish'd ever; — yet Rebellion, —
By Heaven my Mind is startled at the Thought,
Takes Instant Arms, and stifles Traiterous Nature.

Dec. Thou canst then choose, to live disgrac'd,
Choose to be pity'd rather than be fear'd,
Degen'rate Son of Honour! —

Guid. 'Tis true, I am of all the Lively Growth,
The Pomp of Honour, partially depriv'd;
But still the Noblest Part of it is Mine;
The settled Trunk, that stands resolv'd for Virtue,
Against the veering Blasts of sordid Interest.

Dec. I'll say no more, be still oppressed, degraded,
The lasting Laugh, of ev'ry Favo'rite Fool,
And the detested Scorn of stirring Merit.
Till by encreasing Tyranny made sensible,
You're hateful to your self, and so farewell. —
If you have nobler Thoughts, during my Stay,
In *Britain*, in the *Roman* Camp, you'll find me. [*Exit Dec.*

Guid. How soon could I unriddle thee, oh Fate!
And in a Moment, end the doubt of Years,
Within the Drowsy, soft Repose of Death?
Forget the past; and Frustrate coming Woes:
But yet to live, and dare to be a Wretch,
To suffer on, and struggle to the last,
Against the Spight of Fortune, Men and Hell,
Is far more worthy of a Noble Soul;
Worthy the Gen'rous Wishes of the Just,
And the Glad Wonder of assisting Gods. —

Enter Aurofia.

Aurofia here! Oh Fairest! best beloved
Of all the beauteous Sex! Let me embrace thee!
Thou kind, thou only blessing, Fate has left me!
For I'm bereft of Fortune, Fame and Friendship,

And

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And all the Pleasures of my Life --- but Love.

Aur. Since then the purest Part of Life is thine,
(At least insured by Faith and holiest Vows,)
Neglected be the Dross. But oh! *Guidarius*!
If Sorrow shocks thee thus, at outward Losses;
Ah! What will it not do, when I shall tell thee,
Thy last, thy inmost Quiet, is in Danger.

Guid. Oh! Threatning Angel, Is my Life concern'd?
Speak, ease me, kill me; thou alone canst end
My weary Hopes; and make Destruction certain.

Aur. First, let me ask thee, unexperienc'd Lover,
If fondly thou hast ne'er reveal'd our Secrets,
Nor proudly boasted of *Aurosia's* Favours.

Guid. Can'st thou suspect me? O could I forget,
That happiest Hour e'er I had in Life,
[And much I fear that e'er I shall have now;]
When spent with Sighs, and dying with Dispair,
You quicken'd me with Smiles, and yeilding Blushes,
Approv'd my Passion, and avow'd your own:
Nay, promis'd Love eternal, on Condition
I never shou'd, without your Leave, disclose it;
Why then that Question, how can I be guilty?

Aur. The King inflam'd by my unwilling Eyes,
Has importun'd me long you know with Love,
But now by Coldness urg'd, provok'd by Hate,
He swears some other does my Heart possess;
Therefore resolves, nay, has this very Hour,
Compell'd me to be ready for Confinement.

Guid. Confinement! ha! Confusion! Can the Monster!
Then play the Tyrant, with the softer Sex?
Excus'd from rough Controul, by Nature free:
Thou art not marry'd to him fairest Hypocrite,
Say'st thou, compell'd? Or art thou not seduc'd?
Has not the glowing Glories of a Crown,
Dazled thy Faith, and warm'd thee to Desire.

Aur. My Lord, you ought to know *Aurosia* better.

Guid. Oh! Leave me! Leave me! To Dispair and Death,
Rather

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Rather than Frown thus on me ; oh ! *Aurelia* !
I have enough, enough to blast my Heart,
Without this Rigour ; all my early Joys,
My blooming Comforts, the good Gods had Crown'd,
With a dear Friend, and a far dearer Mistress ;
These, when the Storms of State fell heavy on me,
Upheld my fainting Soul ; but now grown weary
With the encreasing Weight of new Misfortunes,
They have forsaken me in deep Distress,
In Deserts wild to ev'ry Grief a Prey.

Aur. I cannot bear these doleful Thoughts ; these Sighs,
Thy sad Complaining strikes me to the Heart ;
And chills my tender Sense. Oh ! My *Guidarius* !
Come let me heal, or ease thy wounded Soul,
With softning Sighs, unfeign'd with trickling Tears ;
The Simpathatick Balm of purest Love.

Guid. Love ! Canst thou talk so to a ruin'd Wretch !
Pursu'd by Envious Stars, and Earthly Pow'rs ?
Lost to himself, to Peace, and Rest for ever.

Aur. Do not despair, for if the tend'rest Passion
Abounding lastingly, resolv'd, and own'd,
Can give thee Peace, thou'rt not yet lost to Happiness ;
For I will tell thee, nay I'll proudly tell thee ;
Tho' once Ambition, was my darling Passion ;
Yet since I heard, since I believ'd thy Vows,
Not all the Pow'r of a conqu'ring Throne,
Nor Diadems with gayest Grandeur grac'd ;
Cou'd move my Thoughts in Competition with thee ?
No dear Detractor, wert thou far more wretched,
Than Fate, or ev'ry envious Pow'r can make thee.

Guid. then Farewel Friendship, farewell Fame, and
Honour ;
Publick Applause, and private Pride, farewell ;
With all the wealthy Greatness of this World,
Love still is mine ! and Love out weighs you all :
Yet I must part with that : Oh ! Thought distracting.
Tyrant ! Damn'd Ravisher ! Oh Lost *Aurelia* !

Aur. What

Aur. What wou'dst thou have me say? What can I do?
Love bids me fly with thee all o'er the World;
But Prudence, Modesty, and Virgin Pride,
The Niceties of which can never bear
The thought of being us'd in vulgar Talk,
As a foul Argument of Woman's Lightness.

Guid. Let me be damn'd, rather than bear it thus:
Yes, I'll Rebel — Fly to the Roman Camp;
Proclaim my Wrongs: Then with the eager Legions,
Come thundering on to gaudy *Trinobant*.

Aur. But art thou then secure. —
Guid. as Mischief cou'd desire — Yes, brutal Brother:
You now shall find, that tho' the vilest Injuries,
You heap'd on me, were stifled and forgiven;
Yet when you dar'd to wrong the lov'd *Aurosa*,
I dar'd to punish you. —

Aur. Now thou art he I long have wish'd thou wert;
The Hero, that thy rising Valour promis'd:
Go on, go on, bring here thy dreadful Legions,
Storm, storm, the Tyrants Gates nor stay thee there;
But ent'ring, when thy Sword is in his Breast,
Remember it was he that wrong'd *Guiderius*;
Remember it was he that wrong'd *Aurosa*.

Guid. Ha! wou'd *Aurosa* have me then rebel;
I thought that Virtuous Maid, wou'd have oppos'd me;
Have curb'd the Headstrong Phrensy of my Soul,
And smoooth'd to Peace the starting Passion there;
But contrary, she urges me to Ruin. —

Aur. No! Thou unsettled Man, thou willful Sufferer;
She urges thee to Love, to Life, to Happiness;
To just Revenge, and everlasting Honour.

Guid. I am most wretched, yet I can't be guilty;
Kings are the Deputy's of Heaven; below,
They execute it's high Decrees; and he
That dares to lift his Hand, strikes not at him,
But at the Gods, whose Choice confirm'd their Pow'r,
And who alone, can faultless judge their Crimes.

Aur. By

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Aur. By this Opinion both of us are ruin'd.
The Grave's thy speedy Lot, but mine is Heavier far;
From close Confinement, and Tyrannick Love,
Now never to be freed --- farewell lost Lover,
Ingrateful to thy self and me, farewell. [Is going.]

Guid. Parting's Confusion to my anxious Soul!
'Tis Death, 'tis more, 'tis Life in tedious Tortures;
Stay then *Aurosia*, I am what thou'dst have me, [She stays.]
I swear by all that's binding, great and good,
I'll free thee soon, or perish in th' Attempt.

Aur. Go then, be ev'ry Influence propitious;
And all the Stars as fond of thee as I am:
May the Gods join with thee, and justly move;
Against a Tyrant, in the Cause of Love:
Drive him to Death, and when he breathless lies,
Lead the dear Victor to the *Elysian* Gardens;
(There on the Rivers brink, within his View,)
Haste, haste his Way, for me to Crown his Conquest.

Guid. But shoud' the King by force --- By force oh Gods!

Aur. Tho' ev'ry thing assists his hated Passion,
Doubt not *Aurosia's* Spirit, or her Faith.
But I must go, or be suspected here;
A worser Evil, if a worse can be;
Than that of parting with thee --- oh farewell.

Guid. Stay, let me take a Lovers Farewel of thee,
One dear Embrace, firm as my Faith --- Oh Blessing!
Thou balmy Softness, as the Morning Sweet,
When the glad Lark with mounting Musick Charms,
The mild unclouded Heav'ns --- and must I leave thee?
Some Hours will pass, e're I depart,
It will not be impossible to see thee.

Aur. It will --- Oh Love! --- It will not, oh my Prince?
If thou wilt give me Liberty in Prison,
And Life in lonesome Death, it will be kind?
East of the Garden near the River Side,
The Walls are low, t' admit the Sacred Prospect
Of a dark Grove; to *British* Gods devoted,

C

Which

Which if thou shou'd'st surpass, ----
 I say no more --- more must not be express'd ;
 Love much, Hope all, be Secret, and be Bless'd ; [Ex. Aur.
Guid. She's gone, --- And I am left to be a Rebel ;
 A Rebel, most Disloyal and Unnatural :
 Well, well, *Aurosa* ! May'st thou beauteous be,
 To my fond Thoughts more fair, more dear, than Virtue ;
 Brighter than Fame, more excellent than Justice ;
 Far more delectable than free Society,
 And all the fruitful Hopes of an *Elizium* :
 For sure the Price I pay for thee, is all
 The Good I can have here, or ev'n hereafter.

Enter Decimus.

Dec. ---- Then Love, at last, has rais'd
 That Heart, which Honour strove in vain to rouse :
 Love ! The Course gilded Pageant of our Lives ;
 Which ev'ry Storm of Fortune washes off,
 While Golden Honour nothing can decay. ---
 Ev'n Time, that ruins all things, adds to that ;
 And still with common Honesty refines,
 Its Native Lustre, from the Damps of Envy.

Guid. Loves Shafts have only rais'd thy tender Heart,
 And pointed thee to light unconstant Pleasures ;
 Had'st thou yet known the Sighs, the growning Longings,
 The sudden Turns of Hope and of Dispair,
 And all the Languishing, the sweet Advances
 Of constant Passion ; thou wou'dst own with me,
 Its very Crosses, more to be desir'd,
 Than ought in Life beside --- Nor had She conquer'd ;
 Had not thy Reasons waken'd me before,
 And more than half subdu'd me. ---

Dec. Bless'd be her little Arts, since they have won thee
 To Arms and Honour ; oh ! I long to see thee,
 Shining the foremost in the Rapid Squadrons,
 In Blood, and Fire, triumphant bold Disorder.

Guid. To

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II

Guid. To Death and Ruin will I with thee go,
On this Condition, that whatever happens,
His Life and Throne, shall still be Sacred to us :
The flushing Victors, Fury shall not dare,
Nor raging Vengeance, to attempt on either ;
But let the King go free and unmolested.

Dec. By *Roman Jove*, by all the *British* Gods,
I swear they shall be both untouch'd ; but then,
Swear thou *Guiderius*, ne'er to lay down Arms,
Till thy just Privileges be restor'd.

Guid. Ne'er till I've freed *Auroasia* I swear :
The rest we may consider at more Leisure.

Dec. No more then, but away. ----

Guid. A Day at least must pass, e'er we can reach
The *Roman* Camp : Before another Morning
Shall gild the Skies we go ; and in the mean time,
Some Friends I wou'd ensure, who when our Purpose opens,
May justify our Conduct to the World.

Dec. Go and be Prosp'rous ; ----
While I a Sister summons from the Court ;
I'll meet thee then ----
A surer Conquest farther to Concert,
Till then farewell. ----

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter King Madoc, Attendance.

K. This haughty *Roman*, and my hated Brother,
Have strong Designs of Treason in their Looks ;
They parted now, as warm'd with Instant Hopes,
And ripen'd Resolution ; they observ'd me not,
Perhaps they wou'd not ! oh the Plague of Doubt :
Must I be from it never, never freed ?
Never enjoy my Power unperplex'd ?
Can neither Fortune, Fame, nor Majesty,
Awe these two busie Slaves ? ----
Away, and seize them both ; from their close Souls
I'll rack my Peace of Mind. ----

Mad. Consider Sir the *Roman*, ----

C 2

K. Con-

K. Consider Sir, a Dotard, and a Coward,
Perhaps a Traytor too: Priests have been so:
Consider that the *Romans* will revenge
Their Generals Death with mighty Reinforcements;
Deprive me of my Throne, and Seat my Brother there;
Say Dreamer; Are not these thy Thoughts?

Mad. I wou'd have said; 'tis Wisdom to be safe,
But —————

K. Ay safe; thou hast it now, the Word becomes thee;
(Thou wealthy well-fed Druid) but I'll tell thee,
It is the Blast, the Death of springing Glory;
The Nourisher of idle Peace, the Rust
That preys on the experienc'd Edge of War,
Which active Ages scarcely can restore;
Gods! Were it not for our Regard to safety,
Britain e'er this, had no *Rome* to curb her,
But wou'd have held her self the conquering Reins,
Of universal Pow'r, and lash'd th' unrul'd World.

Mad. But since by ancient Articles and Faith,
So often solemnly renew'd with *Rome*,
The *Roman* is above the *British* Laws,
You can't, without Apparent Danger, touch him.

K. Slave, Must I live then in Obedience to him?
Am I a King? art thou a Politician?
Reflect with Shame, upon thy dastard Thoughts,
And the vile Off-spring of thy Mountain Brain.

Mad. Tho' He's above your Laws, *Guiderius* is not;
And if they are united in Conspiracy,
Sever but one of the supporting Limbs,
The other sinks beneath the weighty Burthen.

K. Now thou talk's Sense, most seasonable Sense;
Hence forth be call'd the Lining of my Crown,
The Pillar that shall still support my Throne:
But find me some Pretence to take his Life,
A specious one, and quickly ———
Or I will snatch thee from thy Holy Glories,
Hurl thee to Earth, and tread the into Nothing.

Mad. Your

Mad. Your Threats, dread Sir, or Praises, cannot make me,
More than I am, devoted to your Service.

K. Go Muse then, and be swift in subtle Mischief;
While Love employs my Thoughts, and winds them up to
Extasy:

Aurofia to my nearer Hopes transporting,
As coming Crowns to destitute Ambition;
As Wealth and Freedom, to the needy Slave.
To her I'll haste, gaze on each single Charm,
With Rapture View, their Nice, their grateful Order;
Her Golden Tresses with a careless Grace,
Curling upon her Neck, and brightned by her Face!
Her Face! More sprightly Fair than new-born Light,
Her every Feature ravishing to the Sight;
As Nature's lovely Lines from the refreshing Night.
And then, to press the Bosom of the Fair,
That heaving Bosom, soft as dewy Air,
And all the sweet of Morn' unwasted there.
Her ev'ry Motion, has the Pow'r to Charm,
Raises to Joy, and does to Love alarm;
And with new Vigour does our Senses warm.
But to enjoy her; oh! What mighty Bliss,
'Tis for to press her with an eager Kiss;
Take all your other Joys you have in store,
Give me but her, ye Gods! I ask no more —

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE a Room of State.

Enter Claudia.

Claud. **O**H! The quick Tortures of departing Hope;
Guiderius oh! —
He loves me too, as I do him to Madness;

A thou-

A thousand Circumstances tell his Passion,
 Tho' he is Silent, Bashful stupid Prince.
 Had'st thou e're once endanger'd, once address'd me ;
 But with dissembled Complaisance at least,
 Met the exciting Motions of my Eyes,
 We both had now been happy, free from Tyranny :
 I wou'd have fled with thee thro' Toils, thro' Dangers,
 Nay, I wou'd have dy'd with thee ; but now all's past.
 Curs'd be my Pride, and my too fearful Tongue,
 That did not boldly first declare my Passion ;
 Be curs'd the Slavish Awe, the formal Follies,
 And impotent Examples of thy Sex ;
 Who follow us with Cold, with trifling Skill,
 And court our forc'd Behaviour, not our Will.
 Woman like Princes, have peculiar Ways ;
 Which Man by imitating disobeys :
 His Royalty of Nature, spoils his Sense ;
 And with the Traitor, does the Fool Commence :
 We must be *Modest* or our *Pow'r* profane,
 But *Modesty* is *Impudence* in Man.

Enter Decimus.

Dec. What in the Royal Lodgings? ———
 It seems you're grown a Favo'rite, ha ! Madam.

Claud. Is that a Crime ?

Dec. Art thou a Daughter of the *Claudian* Race,
 Whose Sons triumphantly have led the *Romans*,
 From far *Euphrates*, to the Western Shores ;
 Whose modest Matrons, from the first have been,
 The bright Examples of excelling Virtue ;
 And can'st thou ask that Question ?

Claud. To scan the present, by succeeding Ages,
 Shows more the Scholar than the Man of Wit ;
 A stupid Genius, stinted to the past,
 And ne'er to be refin'd : Be thou in Arms excelling ;
 Exalt thy self, to the Imperial Diadem,
 Which oft' has grac'd our Fathers,
 And make thy Bounds of Empire, those of Nature ;

Yet

Yet shall thy Glories, be Eclyps'd by mine ?
Our Name shall less be fam'd, for Blood than Beauty ;
While I in Courts, the *Theaters* of Love,
More Victims make, and greater Conquests gain.

Dec. Curs'd be your Conquests ; blasted be your Beauties ;
Destructive to the *Claudian* Honours. *Syren* !
Vain foolish *Syren* ! Whose Infernal Graces,
To the soft Shore allures the gazing Wanderer ;
Yet only there, art hurtful to thy self.

Claud. Thou dar'st not mean my loss of Honour.

Dec. If thou hast yet preserv'd that dearest Jewel ;
That, which alone, brightens thy feeble Sex,
Beyond your Beauty, and adorns your Faults ;
Why does the prying Scoffer, Grinning, Stile thee,
The Mistress of *Arbelline* ? —

Claud. The Slaves ! The Pimps of Fame, whose Lively-
hood is lying ;
Frequenting still the Tables of the Great,
Who cannot feed without their sordid Scandal ;
Scandal ; the Sauce that fattens Rev'rend Dulness.

Dec. Tho' Rumours false, or at the best Extravagant ;
Yet there's no dallying with our Reputation :
'Tis like the tender Plants ; which if but touch'd,
Lets fall its lively Leaves. Therefore be wise,
And if thoud'st have me think thy Fame untrue,
This instant, leave the Court and come with me.

Claud. Obeying thee, wou'd show too much Compliance
To Groveling Envy ; no imperious Brother,
As much as is the Court above the Country,
(For all that's Gay, and delicate in Love,)
So much am I, above thy proud Commands.

Dec. Thou art above the Sense of Honour too ;
But by the Wrongs, thou do'st thy self and me,
I'll force thee from this Scene of Guilty Life.
No more the Palace, or the crowded Town,
Shall Harbour thee: to Desarts, waste and wild ;
To Brutes, and Brutish Mortals, will I drive thee ;

There

There trim thy Pride, and satiate with thy Folly.

Claud. Your Frowns, your Threats, and all your Antique Wit ;

Much better were employ'd to save your Friend.

Dec. What do'st thou mean ? ———

Claud. Thou do'st not know the Prince is prov'd a Traytor,
By those to whom he trusted his Designs.

Dec. I do not. ———

Claud. True Son of *Mars* ! In ought but Camps unskill'd ;
While thou art shooting to the Heav'ns thy Head
With busy Pride, improving tender Fame,
The Cankers of the State are at thy Root,
And gnawing to thy Heart, dull honest Warrior :
Thou art suspected too, and had e'er this,
Altho' a *Roman*, been arraign'd ; ———
Had not *Guiderius* of himself Regardless,
Strongly deny'd thy Knowledge of his Thoughts.

Dec. Oh ! Matchless Friend, unfaithful to himself.
And must I be out-done in generous Virtue ?
No : by the Honours of the *Roman* Name,
The Legions to his Rescue shall be brought.

Claud. They'll come too late ; before to morrow's-noon
He dies ; the King has so resolv'd already :
All but the Sentence of his Death is over.

Dec. What can I do ? (*pausing*) by Heav'ns a God-like
Thought :

Worthy my Friendship, worthy of my Fame, (*Pauses again.*)
It is resolv'd. The Hours he has to live,
Shall raise his Name above the Clouds of Envy ;
Above the Life-long Toils of out-side Greatness :
In the fix'd Stars, the Youth shall shine for ever,
The brightest Record, of excelling Friendship.

Claud. Oh ! cou'dst thou but preserve the lovely *Hero*,
To thy Stern Will, I'd ever be Obedient :
No creeping Vassal, nor no doting Wife,
To the rever'd Command, shou'd stricter Duty pay.

Dec. And why art thou so earnest for his Safety ?

Claud. If

Claud. If Women can admire the Martial Front,
And fierce Demeanour of the Man of War;
Is it so great a Wonder she shou'd Love,
When to the Soldiers Face, the Lovers Air is joyn'd?

Dec. What dost thou Love him! By the King posselt.

Claud. The King with Pomp and Power, wooed my Favour,
With haughty Homage, as secure of Conquest;
But oh! his Brother, with dejected Beauty,
With trembling Love, and sighing Silence, won me:
I charm'd *Arbelline*, but *Guiderius* more.
He that had my Pride, has, alas! my Person;
But he that had my Pity, has my Heart.

Dec. If thou do'st Love him, thou art lost to Happiness
As well as Honour. Did not Pity plead
Against Revenge, I'd urge thee to Love on.

Claud. What e'er your Thoughts are, by your Words
unbias'd,

Know I will still Love on; by ought unaw'd:
My Love shall emulate your boasted Friendship;
And let his Heart reward the highest Obligations.

Dec. No: cou'd he Love thee with an equal Flame,
Know I wou'd quench it. Stay thee with the King,
Be still his private, lasting Plague: for now,
Thou art no more my Sister. I have done with thee;
Yet if thou dar'st Design to Help my Friend,
Thou'lt find, in Vengeance, I'm thy Brother still.

Claud. Vengeance shall first be mine; Aid, Earth, and Hell,
And the more active Thoughts of raging Woman.

Dec. I Scorn and Pity thee. Vain abject Wretch!
Thou blazing Infamy! thou blot of Honour!
Methinks I see thee, from thy Pride ill-grounded,
Toss'd headlong down into the Vale of Sorrow;
There wand'ring like a Spirit doubly damn'd,
Excluded from the Mansions of the Dead:
Viewing, and longing, for those pleasing Things,
Which from the stronger and receiving Senses,

D

By

Heroick Friendship.

By loss of Hope, are ever, ever barr'd;
 Hope, which makes Life so lov'd, and Death so fear'd.

[*Exit Decimus.*]

Claudia Sola.

Claud. No, false Prophet, no, my Blooming Beauties,
 Will rule the Gazing World, where-e'er I go,
 Beauties, my Friend, and who can be my Foe;
 Beauty, the Sole; the ever-guiding Fire;
 The Glorious Witness, of a Heav'nly Sire;
 Which all that can behold by Fate admire.
 Beauty, which warm'd to Life the Seeds of Love,
 Which form'd the Globe, and is the greater Jove. [*Exit.*]

Enter King, Madoc, Attendants at a distance.

King. There, there she goes, the haughty, sullen *Claudia*,
 And longing Love goes with her: To my Fancy
 She seems like Winter Fields laid o'er with Snow;
 Which my least Rigour, freezes e'en to Starving,
 Or my returning Warmth, dissolves away
 To an unverdur'd Fondness—I am Sick of her.

Mad. 'Tis Strange! I've heard your Majesty affirm,
 Her Charms were wond'rous! capable to Captivate
 The wildest Minds. That she was all Variety!
 That Goddesses were not more Fair and Nice;
 Nor the brown Rural Lass more fondly Easy.

King. Then she was new: the gay, the sportive Hind,
 The fairest of the Herd, was just run down;
 The active eager Chace of hot Desire,
 O'er Hills of Hopes, thro' Vales of Fears, just ended;
 But when the panting Maid was seiz'd, I cool'd,
 When nothing could be added, I was cloy'd:
 Her luscious Beauties surfeited my Soul,
 And urg'd me to the Hunt of New Desires.

Mad. *Aurosa*, I presume, the Game once over,
 The elevating Game, that works your Passions
 Into a thousand pleasing Turns of Thoughts,

Will

Will be as *Claudia* : Now a Goddess ; but enjoy'd —

King. Oh ! never, never, infinite her Beauties,
And all the Graces of her Sex are hers.
What Man with her could ever Cloying know !
Still while our Lives, in Raptures ebb and flow,
Imagination shall Support the Joy,
And re-inflame the Spirits when they Cloy.
The happiest Lovers, past our selves we feign,
And act their diff'rent Pleasures o'er again ;
Thus, thus we'll thro' a World of Blissess rove,
Devote our Minds, and give our Souls to Love.

Enter Attendant.

Attend. Dread Sir, the Judges in the Laws agreed,
Have prov'd the Prince of highest Treason guilty,
And to your Sacred Pleasure, have referr'd
The Sentence of his Death— He waits your Royal Will.

King. Go bring him in—

Enter Guiderius guarded.

So haughty, so unmortify'd, as if
The Guards of Might and Innocence were thine ;
As if thou woud'st out Face the Gods and Me :
Thou art not guilty—

Guid. Brought forth a Prince, and fashion'd for Command,
Train'd up for Honour, and the Pride of Pow'r,
Yet the base Object made of formal Justice,
Led publickly about like common Criminals,
The mark of grinning Scorn, and gazing Pity:
Well may my Royal Blood, my Mounting Soul,
Swell with unnat'ral Scorn, at Shame impos'd,
And with fierce Pride, Resent this barbarous Usage.

King. Hast thou not bastardiz'd that Royal Blood,
And made thy Self unworthy of Respect ?
Hast thou not traiterously sought my Life ?
Hast thou not with most damn'd Designs attempted,
To seat thy self, (the younger Born, whom Heav'n

Ordain'd for Servitude,) in my Inheritance?

Guid. I had not been arraign'd and censur'd thus,
Had not my tender Care of Both betray'd me;
The Wretches that abus'd my honest Confidence,
Might have inform'd you I design'd on neither.

King. You are not guilty then —

Guid. How far I'm guilty, is beneath my Thoughts
To Hide or to Excuse with Fear or Shame.
Long urg'd with Wrongs, unmerited Disgraces,
I aim'd at a Redress —

King. You did —

Guid. Had I not Reason? all my Services slighted;
Rewards, which, in the very grasp of Danger,
I truly had deserv'd, still partially deny'd me.
For loss of Blood, my only Gain was Envy,
Suspicion, and Contempt; till I became
The scurrile Theme of ev'ry Courtly Wit,
Nay, ev'n the lowest Jest of creeping Slaves!
Those very Slaves! who when their Master Frown'd,
Durst meditate vile Vengeance! And shou'd I sit
Down with bleeding Honour unredress'd?
Be Patient and be trod on? No: My Soul,
My inmost Soul, Rejoyces but to think,
I dar'd at least, tho' in the Means unhappy,
To do my Self that Justice you refus'd.

King. — — — Triumphant Rebel!
But as you hope for our insulted Mercy,
Declare your curst Accomplices, and all
The Means by which you Thought to effect your Treasons.

Guid. Since our Designs were Just, Confessions Treason;
Treason against my Conscience, and my Honour:
But were I so inclin'd, that Name of Mercy,
Within my Breast wou'd bury it for ever.
What! Should I live a Prince, forlorn, and bare
Of Glory and Esteem? degraded? branded?
No: Scorn'd be Mercy; be my Life abhor'd;
Since you have made it odious, both I hate:

Mercy,

Mercy, a Vulgar Hope ; and Life, a Blessing
Only to those who fear to die.

King. Since Mercy you refuse, it shall be
Forced on your Soul ; at least, you shall be Wrack'd to Death,
The weighty Treasons from your Bosom torn,
That lighter you may Wing your horrid way,
And unincumber'd, dart the dark Abodes.

Guid. I dare your Wracks, set all invented Heads
To study changing, lingering Torments for me,
Advancing Death at last must take its Fort
Of yielding Flesh, in spite of Art that guards it ;
That certain Comfort shall my Pains allay,
Seal up my Lips, and close my rending Heart.

King. Since you will be a stubborn Rebel, die so.
To Morrow sums your Fate ; before the Suns
High Noon ascends, upon a publick Scaffold,
The Death of Noble Traytors shall be thine :
From whence, thy bleeding Head, upon a Spear,
Shall thro' the shouting Crouds be born on high,
And plac'd upon some lofty lasting Tow'r,
A long Example to rebelling Subjects.

Guid. So— my Doom's sign'd— and I am force to pass
Into that gloomy Scene, that silent somewhere,
That startles all Mankind ! —
If it be like the Life I've gone thro' here,
'Tis bad indeed ; but that is yet to try :
Farewel ye Wretches of this giddy World,
Where only Fools and Madmen can be Happy.
False Hope, base Fear, ye constant Springs of Life,
Eternally Farewel : and thou, oh Love !
Must I bid thee Farewell ? thou only Gemm,
Upon the thread-bare Robe of proud Mortality,
Must I leave thee behind ? — *Aurofia* ! oh.

King. You seem disturb'd in Thought, or why that Sigh ?
Say, have you ought to speak before you go
To Prison, where your Words may 'scape our Ears ?

Guid. No

Guid. No more but this. If e'er the Gods should add,
 The Charms of Children to your giv'n Glories,
 Ne'er let your younger Princes dream of Honour;
 Ne'er know the Niceties of fertile Greatness;
 (The King our Father, spoil'd me in the Bud;
 With too much Care, the Flow'r belov'd grew Rank.)
 Be Ignorance their Tutor, use them still
 To Want, Disgrace, and Scandal, least they prove
 Unfortunate like me. That's all—— Now take me hence.
 Brother farewell — I wou'd say I forgive you,
 But that I can't dissemble. [*Exit Guiderius guarded.*]

King. In the next Room, till farther Orders, guard him.
 Had I been born the younger, such my Fate,
 Such had my Spirit, such my Glory been.
 Oh! Youth unhappy, destin'd to Obey,
 Why wast thou form'd with such ascending Fires?
 As if the Pow'r that number'd out those Stars,
 Had told too fast; or thy great Soul's Mistaken.
 Why was Inheritance first fix'd to Eldership?

Mad. Because the Eldest was the Choice of Nature,
 Confirm'd by Reason; and the Laws Divine;
 Form'd in the newest and most vig'rous Raptures,
 E're Passions grows familiarly indiff'rent.

King. It must be so——

Mad. It is so: (*mus'ing*) Sure some Qualm of Nature
 Works in his Mind; but Nature will return
 With gather'd Strength, and crush the vain Usurper. } *Aside.*
 But now he wakes from his Dream of Virtue.

King. Undone *Guiderius*; hard fated Brother.

Mad. Ah! goes it there! *Protius* thy Shape accord. [*Aside.*]
 I grieve to think, that hapless Prince must die,
 For Crimes scarce half his own.

King. Most certainly the *Roman* urg'd him on;
 It can't be otherwise: That daring Epicure,
 Forc'd his great Mind from Customs peaceful Laws.
 He taught him, *Rome*, the Worlds tyrannick Mistress,
 In all the Pomp of her tumultuous Honours;

With

With which, the Prince's active Heart enlarg'd,
His Reason dazl'd, and his Fancy fir'd;
No wonder if he yeilded to his Arts,
His gilded Arts, their Bottoms undiscover'd.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. May it please your Majesty,
The Roman General *Decimus*,
Desires Admittance to your Presence.

King. Conduct him in.

[Exit Attendant, and returns with Decimus.]

Dec. Of thee, *Arbelline*, King of Britain,
I *Decimus Claudius*, Citizen of Rome,
Of the *Patrician* Blood, demand a Favour.

King. Demand with Honour, and of Grace be certain.

Dec. The Prince *Gniderius* is, I hear condemn'd
To die, how justly, 'is not mine t' examine,
But as his Friend to serve him to the last.
Long has the Prince, a Lover been, belov'd;
His tender Mistress Beaut'ous and Obliging,
Has charm'd him without Scandal to his Race;
Enlarge him but to mourn the loss of Love,
To Comfort her, and take a final Farewel;
Least at the Block, regardless of his Greatness,
He dies unworthy of Himself and You.

King. How can I be assur'd but some Design,
May intercept my Justice?

Dec. I'll be his Bond, supply his Place in Prison,
And if to Morrow, e're the Time is fix'd,
He not return, let me supply his Place in Death too.

King. And dar'st thou trust the Rebel with thy Life?

Dec. I dare ———

Mad. Thou hot-brain'd faithful Fool!
What more could meditating Vengeance with thee! *[Aside.]*

King. Friendship indeed! I grant thee thy Desire;
For were the Reasons greater for his Stay,
My wond'ring Curiosity wou'd slight them.

Let

Let them without delay the Prince release,
And to the Royal Tow'r Conduct this *Roman*.

[To an Attendant, who goes out with Decimus.]

Dec. From my free Heart I thank thee. [Exit Decimus.]

King. Now, boasting Brother, I shall hear thy Heart. [Aside.]
Well, what are thy Thoughts on this?

Mad. I think your Foe (suspected) like a *Roman*,
An inconsiderate senseless daring *Roman*,
Has generously sold himself for Fame,
And sav'd our farther Thought.

King. Dost thou not think *Guiderius* will return?

Mad. Will *British* Bullies die when Honour bids?
Or Youthful Lovers, leave their fawning Brides
But once enjoy'd, for ever to be talk'd of?

King. Thus grov'ling Mortals scan the Great Man's Deeds;
Their Clay, half kindled by the Breath of Heav'n,
Doubts of the perfect Blast that Forms the Hero:
Choak'd up with Wealth, the Filth their Souls digest
And fatten on; the very Owls of Reason,
That cannot bear the Rays of bright *Ambition*;
Ambition, the Original of Gods,
The Glorious Crime that rais'd them to *Olympus*,
And all the starry *Scepters* of the Skies.

Mad. Might I presume to speak.

King. No, Pious Insolence, base Statesman, no;
Thou Scandal to the Gods as well as me,
I've found thee out, and I shall live to punish thee.

Mad. Dread Sir, in what have I offended?

King. Have I not rais'd thee from vile Nothing? Slave!
Have I not made thee Master of the Druids?
Hast thou discharg'd the weighty Trust? Say, Villain!
Has not thy cheifest Care been worldly Int'rest
Though thou hast preach'd against it?
If thou hadst not conniv'd at all my Errors;
Wherefore am I not Generous and Just,
Like him I have Condemn'd, or him Imprison'd.

Mad. A

Mad. A *King* cannot do ill, the *Gods* attend him ;
They guard and guide his Will, frame all his Actions,
As best befits the Government of *Eart*’.

King. ’Tis false, pernicious Flatterer, ’tis false ;
Thou Satyr on the *Gods*, I’ll think thy Punishment ;
In the mean time, my Palace is thy Refuge,
From my wrong’d Subjects Vengeance. But the Cares
Of *Empire* will I now divert with Love,
Thus when the *Thracian Mars* has all the Day,
Labour’d in Arms, and made the Bold obey,
The longing God-head does from Courts remove,
And Courts the God-head of the Queen of Love. [*Exit King.*]

Mad. Where’s all thy Wisdom now, lost Politician ?
Too near the Surface hast thou spread thy Finns,
And ev’n taught the Angler how to take thee.
Now how the scornful Mistress will rejoyce,
And ridicule the Priest ? Cou’d I but sink her with me,
My Fall were lessen’d half— A lucky Thought ;
The *King* now hastes to the *Edesian* Gardens,
There to indulge his Eyes, and feed his Flames,
Till they blaze up to Madness —
The Fair, the Haughty *Claudia* shall after ;
And when the Passions of his Soul are loose,
Surprize him to her Ruin,— that may raise me
Again to Favours height, the Courtiers Heav’n ;
Which when I’ve reach’d ———
I’ll with more caution move ; this Maxim still retain,
’Tis harder to preserve, than Happiness to gain. [*Exit.*]

The SCENE changes to a Prison.

Enter Guiderius and Decimus ; Guards at a distance.

Dec. Once was thou hail’d of *British* Youths most bless’d,
By all in Fame and Fortune fully grac’d ;
The Praises of the old, the young Man’s Pattern,
The careful Wishes of ambitious Mothers,

E

And

And the soft Virgins Sighs, were summ'd in thee.
 Who but *Guiderius*! happy, gay *Guiderius*!
 Fill'd ev'ry Ear, and captiv'd ev'ry Eye;
 And can'st thou Life, without Regret, lay down,
 Thou first of *Hero's*! for whom Pity bleeds?
 Is it not wond'rous hard, so fair a Flow'r,
 So early, yet so gloriously blown,
 Shou'd to the Earth be sunk, and trod on e're improv'd?

Guid. Life seems to me, a vain a tiresome thing,
 Its Cares, its Disappointments, ling'ring Racks,
 And all its Pleasures, cloying to Abhorrence;
 As if the God's ordain'd is as a Punishment,
 To keep in awe the Inhabitants of Heav'n,
 And give the guilty Spirits their Deserts.

Dec. What deep Remorse, what hollow Murmurs, must
 Possess those faulty Suff'ers, when they go,
 To clogging Flesh, and sentenc'd Years of Woe;
 But with what Joy, from earthly Vapours freed,
 They mount their native Heav'n with ecstatick speed,
 Their Shouts, the azure Shores, the Hills of Bliss resound,
 And their bright Friends, forgot on Earth, again in Heav'n
 are found.

Guid. The Fruits of Fancy this; but 'tis most certain,
 Were Death less easy, less wou'd it be dreaded;
 Remoter from our Reach, it were an aim
 For our Ambition: Life's the Wise Man's Toil;
 Its Pleasures, but the Harmony of Sorrow.

Dec. Life's but a Fable, and the Moral Death.
 In vain the blazing flourishes of Honour,
 Passions, and Virtues, Valour to attract
 The slumb'ring Gods, and Force them to our Fortunes,
 If the great End, Crown not the tedious Labour.

Guid. Why I will die, deserving of thy Love,
 Worthy a *Roman's* Friendship; die like him,
 Whom thou hast guided from the dark Abodes,
 Of a benighted, and deluded World:
 Gay and unruffled like the happy Swan,

When

When Death approaches on the gliding Rivers,
While the Sun Sets, and Smiles a last farewell,
Calling in Songs, more gay, attending Fate.

Dec. I do believe when on the open Scaffold,
Thou wilt not, like an untaught, sordid Wretch,
Ghastly with Fear, heave up thy trembling Hands,
Knocking thy Breast with sobbing Tears and Groans,
Preach to the Rabble and desire their Pity;
But will this save thee from the blast of Envy,
Alone with Fame's transcending Sons enrol thee?
No, thou wilt lessen like an Inland Tide,
Till lost for ever.

Guid. Thou Generous, only Friend, my Fate has left me,
What woud'st thou have me do?

Dec. Thou hast a Mistress ———

Guid. Ha! ——— What then?

Dec. Thou hast thy Freedom, by the King's Permission,
Until to morrows Noon, and thou may'st use it —

Guid. What with *Aurosia*?

Dec. Yes with *Aurosia*; she prescrib'd the Means.

Guid. Oh! blissful Sound: It strikes my bleeding Heart;
strings,

And Charms me back to Life; O Love! O Friend!
But do'st thou not deceive me? shall I see her?
Not as a Pris'ner but a splendid Prince,
A Pleasure, not a Burthen to her Eyes?

Dec. All this and more.

Guid. More! Why I'll press her to my ardent Heart,
Gaze on her melting Eyes, and swoon with Exstasy;
Then from her Lips, Souls cheering Cordials draw,
And Dream at least of Heav'n and Immortality.

Dec. These are but Coastings on the Lands of Bliss;
Into the spicy Groves, the downy Plains,
Within the flowing Rivers steep thy Soul,
And satiate ev'ry Sense:
Marry her, bed her, nothing will molest thee,

Nor knows she of thy Doom.

Guid. Thy Words, at once, raise and confound my Mind.
Love, like the Morning Sun, gilds my Despair,
And fiercely warms me; but the Clouds of Death,
All of a sudden, gloom, and cool my Ardour.
Would not Enjoyment now be worse than Madness?

Dec. In the Opinion of a stupid Man,
Pleasure is always Madness. Oh *Guiderius*!
How have I labour'd to refine thy Fortune;
What Difficulties past to leave thee Famous,
Spite of contending Fate?

Guid. What means my Friend?

Dec. I have obtain'd your Freedom of the King;
Who tho' my Enemy, I must call Generous:
Unguarded, you may hence depart this Moment,
And as a Bond for your return to Death.
I in the Castle do remain.

Guid. Must you! will you here remain!

Dec. Yes, I've engag'd not only to remain,
But if to morrow, by the hour prefix'd,
You not return, to die for you.

Guid. Thou more than Friend! O thou unequal'd Man!
Thy own correcting Genius fills and fires me:
I go, I go, and Glory in my Doom;
Methinks there's something in it, newly Noble,
Something triumphantly above Mortality,
Which will distinguish me thro' endless Ages:
Let Fortune then, with Envy joyn'd, blot out
Each of my former Deeds from future View,
And from this Moment date my Life anew;
This, this alone will fix my Glory high,
I liv'd for Love, and did for Honour die. [*Exit Guiderius.*]

Dec. May whining Friends, to win the noisy Breath
Of Fools, the Man they Love, attend in Death;
Unaw'd, or unrestrain'd, with all my Pow'r,
I'll firmly serve him to his latest Hour;

But

But when he's past, my Aid, 'tis vain to mourn
I'll Laugh at Fate, and Revel on his Urn.

[Exit Decimus and Attendancee.

Finis. Actus Secundi.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE a Garden with several Bowers.

Aurofia sitting in one with a Book in her Hand.

Aur. **H**OW trivial is Wit unrul'd by Nature,
How weak to sooth the common ills of Fate?
But oh! how senseless to distracting Love;
Can it Command the Winds, or Rain to cease,
Or Day, on Earth, ungiv'n by the Sun?
What are these Bow'rs and Springs, these vast Profusions
Of all Delights to me; what, what, but Curses,
When the dear Man, that shou'd partake, is absent?
Of Wisdom then, ye Sages, dream no more;
Your stupid Search of Happiness give o'er:
In vain does Reason against Passion move;
And no Philosophy can lessen Love.

Enter King disguis'd.

King. Weeping *Aurofia*! Oh that drooping Glory!
Look up in Pity to this little Paradise,
Where all is excellent and sad like thee:
Bless that, tho' I am curs'd. Do thou but Smile,
O Goddess, and the Gardens shall revive;
The Flow'rs, that hang their fading Heads around,
Shall rise and flourish; and the weeping Marbles,
Glowing with Life, shall e'en speak thy Praises;
While I thy Lover, as a God exalted,
(As *Jove* of old, in Shapes of humblest Love)

With

With Pride, my Laurels slight, my Purples scorn,

Aur. Your Flat'ries, Sir, are vain, are lost on me;

You have, unjustly, robb'd me of a Blessing,

The most endearing to my Sex and Youth;

My Life's not half so precious — You've taken Liberty.

King. And can'st thou miss it here? thy dwelling sweet

Th' Avenues large and lovely, nought inferior

T' *Italian* Pride; you've all in use of Life,

So rich, so ornamental, so abounding,

That ev'n the most covetous of Pleasure,

The *Roman* Epicures, cou'd wish no more.

Aur. The harmless Bird, ensnar'd, and thus confin'd,

Within a Golden Cage, to constant Food,

Is still unmindful of her State and Ease;

Mourning the fits, or sings, the tuneful Praises,

Of Pleasures past; the Woods, the shrubby Lawns,

The brisk Companions of her careful Haunts,

And all the sweet Delights of Freedom lost.

King. What thou callest Liberty, that boundless State,

Which ev'n I enjoy not, may be thine;

For if my *Britain* is too poor to give it,

Rais'd by thy Smiles, and by thy Love inspir'd,

What Realms could I not make thee Mistress of?

Aur. Thy *Britain* has all Joys the World can give,

But thou art the Confinement, most abhor'd:

Yes, Thou! and wert thou Mightier than thou art,

Did all the Thrones on Earth pay Homage to thee;

And all the Nations bow their Heads to thine,

Yet should I Slight thee more; yet sooner choose

The Man inferior to my self in all,

But worthy Love! nor need'st thou wonder at it;

For there's a noble Pride in gen'rous Minds,

Which tho' obliging, Scorns to be oblig'd.

King. Who's he so bold, to think himself Superior

To thee, invaluable matchless Maid!

Do I not, with an awe, behold thy Person?

Behold thy Soul, proportion'd to its Shrine;

Each

Each Feature there as orderly Divine ;
As just, as gracefully, thy Beauties move,
And only Partial, to neglected Love.
As warm in Fancy, as thy Blushes are,
Yet chastly Cruel, as thou'rt chastly Fair ;
Nor can'st thou of thy worththy Knowledge hide,
It flushes through thy Cheeks in lovely Pride.

Aur. Once more I tell you, Sir, your Flat'ry's gross ;
Your Love and Greatness equally despis'd,
They were, and ever will be so by me.

King. And yet a Time there was, when thy Expressions
Were not so distant from a *Monarch's* Hopes.

Aur. I then had Liberty and fear'd to lose it ;
But now the worst I dreaded is come on me,
I'll throw my Hatred to thee undissembled.

King. Insulting Beauty, know thy worst is still to come ;
Do'st thou refuse my honourable Love !

Aur. I do, I dare, it is more hateful to me,
Than the Hounds yelling Noise to Forest Deer,
Than hissing Serpents to the generous Horse ;
Thy Love ! my Heart strikes back with Horror at it,
As if thou wast not Human ! at thy Birth,
Sure all the Monsters of the Sky conjoin'd ;
Or Nature anger'd, by the Gods, had thought
Of raising up again the Giants breed.

King. Yet let me tell thee, haughty, railing Maid,
No other but this Monster shall enjoy thee ;
And here I swear, by my resistless Wishes,
Since humblest Love, can't move thee to Compliance,
The God shall rush in Flames : You know my Meaning.

Aur. First may the Gods, send speedy Vengeance down,
And all that's Hellish settle upon thee ;
Oh my fierce Hate ! how shall I Curse enough !
May dismal Wars infest thy peaceful Land,
Sink down thy stately Towns, and Tow'rs in Blood,
And may'st thou wander thro' the Earth a Vagabond.
By ev'ry Ruler slighted, unassisted,
And only pity'd by the Poor and Helpless ;

Dar'st

Dar'st thou approach ——— Oh for a Sword to stab thee,
Help, help here, Villains, Murther, Treason.

King. Call on, call on, thou stubborn Beauty call,
There's not an Ear that can, or dares to hear thee.

Aur. See Tyrant Lover then, see on the Ground
The Mistress of thy Wishes; tread upon me;
Here on my Breast; and force your Feet within me:
O Rather take my Life, than dearer Honour;
The last, the only Jewel thou hast left me:
Here, in my harmless Bosom plunge a Sword;
I'll not complain; but with my whole last Breath,
I'll pray for you, my great, my good Deliverer,
From your most frightful Self.
Nor will the Gods be deaf to dying Virtue;
For if o'er-ruling Fate shou'd shade your Glories;
And you shou'd have but one Chance left for Happiness,
They'll in that gloomy Hour remember me,
And save you as you sav'd their lov'd *Aurosa*.

King. I am resolv'd rather than not be bless'd,
I will be Curs'd; curs'd to thy utmost Wish;
Yes, changing Charmer, think not to escape me.

Aur. Nor thou thy Punishment; yes cruel King;
A Deed so Brutish will not only raise,
Your wiser Subjects to a Sense of Tyranny,
But instantly unlive the humming Multitude;
Who met in Clusters, will, with headstrong Rage,
Swarm on, and Sting thee, Sting thee to the Heart.

King. Ha Trifler, dost thou think I fear the Winds?
What tho' it ushers in the dark'ning Clouds,
And hides from Earth the Glories of the Sun,
Yet still, He, to himself, shines bright as ever,
And soon will pierce, and drive those Rebel Vapours,
That durst contract his Heat, and shade his Lustre;
I'll do the Deed, and dare the Dogs to uproar.

Aur. Suppose them aw'd; yet does not Reason tell thee,
A Monarch should peculiarly preserve
His Deeds untainted from Augmenting Talkers;
If one of meaner Rank shou'd be so wicked, Oblivion

Oblivion seizes on succeeding Censure ;
But what can guard a *King*, so firmly list'd
In Fames Eternal Volume ? nought I tell thee ;
Thy very Glory adds to thy Disgrace,
Not only present, but all coming Ages ;
Till dying, Death shall close the race of Time,
Will on thy Memory entail a Curse,
And never name thee, but with Scorn and Horror.

King. Oh Harmony of Reason in a Woman !
Thou perfect Beauty ! Beaut'ous in thy Soul ;
Why doest thou turn thee, from my just desires ;
Yeild to my Love, and by my Crown I swear,
I will not rest till thou art Queen of Britain,

Aur. It cannot be. —

King. I know it ; yes, thou hast some lurking Lover,
Some secret Slave, for whose Embrace, thy Pride,
Perverse and Monsterous, preserves those Joys,
For which I sue in vain — but by the Pow'rs I'll blast them.
This instant now ; you shall not boast your Vows,
Nor fondly triumph o'er Imperial Passion.

[Struggling she gets from him.]

Aur. You may indeed, with brutal Strength, you may,
Compel me to your Will ; but know, O King,
You never shall again ; for if the Sword or Poison
Be from my reach remov'd, I'll Starve to Death ;
And this, I swear, by Virtue and the Gods ;
By all the Merits of unspotted Maids,
And all the Infamy of Honour lost.

King. Do what thou wilt, thy Death ensue my Joys,
By all the Raptures of inflam'd Desire,
By sneaking Penitence for Passion baff'd,
Before I part from thee I will enjoy thee.

Aur. Can nothing, nothing, save me — oh consider
How restless must your Satisfaction be,
How base, unless by full Consent refin'd ?
Nor need you, Sir, despair of that ; for you
Have all the Thousand ways of winning Man,

Experienc'd in the melting Steps of Love,
And all the Arts which soften Stubborn Maids.

King. If I'm the Master of those taking Graces
How can'st thou be excus'd designing Flatterer?

Aur. You were still us'd, as all your fighting Sex
Still ought to be, tho' ne'er so much belov'd.
Tho' you're a King, you wou'd not have the Maid,
You favour with your Love, prevent your Courtship?
Courtship's the Voyage of the Love-sick Mind,
Which makes the chosen Home far more delightful.

King. The light of Love dispells my dark Desires,
And warms my Breast anew with brighter Bliss:
Ye Gods! to clasp the warm, the willing Fair,
While Thoughts recounts the Sums of Sighs she cost;
The Years of anxious Tears; Transport! 'tis this
Which makes us prize the Priviledge of Reason;
'Tis this alone, which makes Enjoyment Pleasure.
Oh may I hope!

Aur. Inlarge me, Court me as a Lover ought.
Can I say more?

King. No, thou hast said enough to sweeten Years
Of Barren Love: Inlarge thee! yes, this Hour
Thou shalt be free as Woman can desire;
Tho' thou hast Charms to Captivate Mankind,
Yet has thou Wit and Courage to withstand them:
Thou'rt worthy to be trusted with thy self,
But e're I go to order thy release,
May I not seal thy Friendship on thy Lips?
I must ———

Aur. Hold Sir, there will be time enough for this.
What you? ——— let me go — perform your Promise.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Is that *Anrosia*? Ha! ye blasting Furies,
Am I alive! is Nature as it was!
The Heav'ns and Earth, the Seas, and Air in Tune!
Or is all Order lost, and *Chaos* come!

The

The King so great with her: Oh spightful Fortune,
Doeſt thou ſtill push me to my lateſt Gaſp.

King. My Brother here! Confuſion! Death 'tis ſo,
This is the Miſtreſs he is freed to Viſit.

Aur. *Guiderius* here, then Secrecy's no more,
And Truth's my only refuge now, tho' fatal.

Guid. The King, the King, *Auroſia*!

Aur. My Honour was at Stake; I die if you ſuſpect me.

Guid. Firſt let *Guiderius* die and all Mankind.

King. So warmly fond! Why was the Rebel freed,
Or why his Life prolong'd? curſe on my Folly!

Aur. Urge not thy Fate unarm'd, an eaſie Prey
To ready Vengeance, oh forego thy Fondneſs!
It does but tempt his Sword, ah let me rather
With his Embrace be Curſ'd, than ſee thee Perish. [*To Guid.*

Guid. Much rather let me hold thee faſter yet;
Thus guard thy Beauties, tho' it coſt my Life.

King. And it ſhall coſt thy Life, presumptuous Traytor.

Aur. What means the King, behold he is unarm'd.

[*Auroſia breaks from Guiderius and runs to the King.*

Oh think upon your Fame, your Dearer part;
I cannot ſee you raſhly uſe it thus,
For the vain Pride of ſeeing you diſtracted;
I Love you! nay, you can't but know I love you.

Did I not bid you Court me as a Lover?
I meant, I was aſham'd to yeild to ought
But Kindneſs: Did not then my languid Eyes
Speak clear this Truth? you cou'd but obſerve them.

What has been ſince, was only meant to try you;
Yes, now I find you true as my own Wiſhes;
O take me to your Arms, and bind be ever.

Guid. Why do I live? Why have I been releas'd
To this Heart damning Sight? Oh! Had I not
Enough, enough before, ye Gods! or am I,
Of Human kind, ordain'd your ſportive Tryal,
How much of Torture they can bear, and live?

King. Now *Jove*, thou weilder of *Eternal Thunder*,
When the blasphemous Mortal strikes thy God-head,
If thus embrac'd, transfix him, thou can'st,
O can there be Deceit in this *Aurosa*?

There can't, thou dear one! Oh! how blest'd am I?

Guid. How far more false is she?

Aur. False! Credulous Bubble, am not I a Woman?
False! I were false indeed, false to my self
If true to thee: Where are thy Crowns, thy Kingdoms,
Will Merit only gain a Woman's Heart?

Guid. Inevitably lost, by all that's true!
Or were she ever so? oh if she were,
There's not a Fiend on Earth, but's good to her.
How oft she has bound her perjur'd self to me?
Has she not sworn and vow'd whole Hours away?
And when we have sunk in languishing Discourses,
Or through each others meeting melting Eyes,
Enlarg'd our Closet Souls to silent Language;
Has she not broke it off in weeping Raptures,
Wanton'd in new invented Protestations,
As if her greatest Joy was giving me her Heart,
Or that she never cou'd enough ensure it?

King. Thou lying loose Tongue Slave! but I'll revenge
her. [Draws.]

Aur. Think on thy Fame: 'tis I that am abus'd;
'Tis I must be reveng'd; and by an Act
Shall prove me worthy of thee: loose the Sword —

[Gets the Sword, runs to Guiderius.]

Here take it, rouze thee to a just Revenge;
Kill, kill the Tyrant, save thy Self and me:
Kill him and be a King.

King. See this ye Pow'rs! this damn'd, this very Women!

Aur. Do it with speed, or give the Sword to me.

Guid. Why shou'd the name of King or Brother awe me,
He is my Enemy, in Love my Rival;
And if he lives I die; this to his Heart;

[Makes a Pass at the King, and drops the Sword.]

O Gods! my Strength drops short, it will not be.

Enter

Heroick Friendship.

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Enter Claudia, takes up the Sword.

King. Is there none near! help here, and save your King.

Claud. None that will help thee most detested Traytor!
Thou Traytor, to the Laws of Love and me;
Me, whose victorious Beauties thou hast slighted,
Me, the lawful Mistress of thy Heart,
To whom thou hast so often sworn Allegiance.

King. Confusion! Furies! ha! thou Roman Whore!
Is't come to this? Dar'st thou insult me, Slave?
Thou Slave by Sex; tho' rais'd my Slave of Pleasure;
Duty and Silence is your proper Lesson,
And hear you; learn it better for the future,
Or there are Rods for stubborn Disobedience.

Claud. For this thou diest tho' guarded by the Gods.

[Runs to the King, is held by Guiderius, releas'd by Aurofia.]

Guid. Virtue, the Instrument of Heav'n prevent.

Aur. Prevent the Punishment of perjur'd Lovers;
Of Ravishment! no there I bar thy Virtue.

Guid. Love has condemn'd, and Majesty must bleed,
Yet let me turn my Face and hide me,
If it be possible, from quick Damnation.

Claud. Let the King live for ever, since his Life
Obstructs his Bliss. Thou subtle Fair, this Night
Thy Life is necessary to my Hopes, *Aside.*
Or thou should'st feel the fall thou Wishes him.
Sir, tho' I spare you, I expect Repentance,
Or certain Vengeance follows slighted Mercy.

King. Vengeance is mine, delay but gives it Weight,
That heavier it may fall upon your destin'd Heads,
And Crush ye to the Earth from whence you sprung,
Like Brambles, to perplex the Eagles Game:
To morrow, till to morrow, triumph on,
That Death and Ruin may be more deplor'd

Aur. To morrow rather may to thy dishonour dawn,
And farther blaze thy Shame! you may believe Sir,

Atem pt-

A tempting Woman but with Wit endued,
May frustrate Fate, and bubble *Jove* himself.

Claud. Yes Tyrant yes!
Woman's the last, the Master Stroke of Nature,
The finish'd World's Epitome; the Skies
And all their Glory Circle in her Eyes,
But in her Heart, the Mother Moon presides,
The Winds, and Sister Seas, with Fatal Tides;
Fatal to him, who dares her Strength oppose,
Or Trust her shining Smiles where deep Destruction flows.

King. Once Traiteess, hast thou spoke the Truth, and now,
Woman thou cunning Curse, for e'er adieu,
Poffest a Plague, a Peril to pursue.
Ye Beauteous Witches; that with luring Spells,
And Magick Glances to distracting Cells,
Or Airy Hopes, your Mist-blind Lovers bring,
Think not hence forward to enchant a King,
Ye 're Sickness, Folly, Slav'ry, Glories fall,
Y' are Marriage too, and in that Word y' are all.

[Exit King on one Side, Guiderius and Aurofia on the other.]

Claud. *Aurofia* has him now; the happy hated she!
Enfolded in his Arms with dying Smiles,
She drags him from my racking Fancy hence,
The Morning forms that Curses her for ever.
Yes thou lov'd loving Maid, enjoy him all;
This Night within thy Secret Bed secure him,
Feed on his Lips, and Languish on his Breast,
Receive the Joys that cannot be exprest,
His Reputation Nature will restore,
And Man is Man, altho' possess'd before. [Exit.]

Re-enter Guiderius and Aurofia.

Guid. Bless'd with her Absence, with thy Presence charm'd,
Let me indulge my Love; thou mark of all my Longings,
My ev'ry utmost Wish: O real Blessing!
Thou sure wer't Heav'n's *Pandora*, every God
Bestow'd upon thee, some divine Perfection;

To

To dress thee up for Love; and O vast Extasy!
Me thou has destin'd for the happy Man,
That must enjoy the Labours of whole Heav'n.

Aur. And who than thou is worthier of my Heart?
Was not thy Mind with Love and Honour fraught,
Incapable of ought but God-like Thoughts;
Yet oh thy Frame, where all the Graces dwell,
Which first they fashion'd, where they still rejoice,
Crow'd in thy Eyes, and slide upon their Beams,
Dance in thy Breath, and from each winning Word,
Might well excuse a brighter nicer Maid,
The yeilding of her Soul: But oh *Guiderius*!
Am I secure of thee, what meant the King
By Vengeance, Death, Ruin, and to Morrow?

Guid. Urg'd by the Winds, th' unstable Seas will rise
To heights enormous, threatening ev'n Heav'n it self;
But soon as the Disturbers quit the Air;
Their Rage abates and dies in drowsy Murmurs;
For Wrath, like Thunder, dreadful at its Birth,
Still lessens e'en to Nothing. At the most,
To morrow is the Gods, and may be mine,
If mighty Resolution stands unshaken.

Aur. Are your Designs so forward?

Guid. Forward they are; the rest at better leisure:
But now gay Night advances from the East,
Diffusing dewy Sleep, the Food of Souls;
She beckons to repast the fainting Labourers.
Why may not we, my Love, my better Life!
Why may not we retire, and give our Selves
A richer Feast, than sleepy Nature knows?

Aur. What means he? still thou eager beating Heart —
Yet Opportunity — what forward Check?
O *Pride* insatiate; is it not enough
You Tyrannize in Publick? must you too,
Inslave our dearest Privacies.

Guid. Come hide those doubtful Blushes in my Arms,
Needless are Fears to long familiar Lovers;

Me

Me thou hast try'd, thy most prevailing Beauties,
 First forc'd my Eyes, and triumph'd o'er my Soul;
 And taught me all the Pleasures of Obedience.
 O Goddess! Ruler of my day, thou art my Life,
 I've not a Vein but what runs full of thee;
 And Plays with constant Motion in my Heart:
 O come, in Pity crown my well known Service,
 From wretched Chastity, let us be gone;
 Love! Love! the God will plunge us into Plenty,
 Methinks I see the sacred laughing Boy,
 Pointing to Joys immortal and untasted,
 He calls, he courts me on; my dear *Aurasia*
 I will, I can no longer be deny'd.

Aur. Stand off, art thou *Guidarius*? no;
 Thou can't not be that faithful, virtuous Lover,
 Which once was mine; rather some *Fiend* from *Hell*
 That has usurp'd his God-like form to tempt me.

Guid. O stop those deadly Words, truce with those
 Frowns;

But while I speak, but while I sue for Mercy;
 And then renew them with redoubled fierceness:
 Loose them upon me, be my Heart their Prey;
 I'll not repine, but think their Rigour Justice;
 And only Curse myself, that had the Pow'r
 So vastly to offend as to deserve them.

Aur. Rise, rise my Lord! you know your Pow'r with me,
 'Tis the first time I e'er thought ill of you,
 And therefore if you can excuse your self,
 I willingly attend to Hear and Pardon you.

Guid. Indulging Excellence, thus low I thank thee;

[*Kneeling.*]

And now let me invoke the knowing Gods,
 To hear, and with unbated Plagues, pursue me
 With thy returning Frowns, or stab me ever;
 If I meant ill: no thou unsully'd Beauty,
 I'd have thee mine, but not polluted mine;
Hymen shou'd give thee, to my eager Breast,

Or

Or I wou'd languish Life away without thee;
Oh that kind Smile; it has recheer'd my Soul,
And furious Gladness turns my Brains again;
May I not speak once more, may I not crave
Some Reason of my Love, if but to satisfy
My wilful Heart, that pines away with Fondness?
Why may we not, this sweet inviting hour,
End the just Wishes of our Guardian Genii,
And make our selves the Happiest of Humanity.

Aur. How vain is Reason to the tempted Maid,
That dreads e'en her own Anger:

[*Aside.*

Tho' *Virtue* will it, yet the babling World,
Wou'd with their Nonsense vex my future Peace;
Then to prevent them, I wou'd wed thee publicly,
While all the vulgar Instruments of Custom,
Should sound it round, and loudly wish us Joy.

Guid. Common Rejoycings are for common Passions;
But ours is Noble, 'tis a Princely Love,
and Secrecy best fits its awful State;
The list'ning Rabble, shou'd but guess our Joys,
And that they must— for e'ery well pleas'd God,
Will complaisantly stretch his Pow'r this Night.
To show it in th' unwonted course of Nature,
Their Skies will be with *Myriads* more of Stars
Illumin'd; and the *Moon*, with Matron Majesty
Will bless the Tye; officious *Zephirs*, wafting
Rich Dews from far; shall sweetly scent the Air,
And open with their silken Hand the Flowers,
Around the ready Earth; while ev'ry Sphere,
In gorgeous Robes array'd, shall nimbly Dance,
To the most sprightly Tunes of artful Heav'n.

Aur. What can I do, Desires and Expectations
Unknown before, unbar my straitned Soul,
The Traytors long disguis'd, now show themselves,
And my unaided Mind per Force must yeild.

} [*Aside.*

Guid. No more of Thought my Fair, the Time draws on;
Oh let us, let us seize the passing Hours,

And make them all, and ev'ry one our own,
For now each ripen'd Minute which we loose,
Is an whole Year of Life.

Aur. Take me then, take me all,
Too much I love thee to deny thee longer;
But as our Passion's Great, it shall be Just;
A Friendly Priest within of *Hymens* Order,
Him I'll prepare while you at distance follow.

[*Exit Aurofia.*

Guid. Thou speaks my very Thoughts; haste my *Aurofia*:
She's gone, the obliging Beauty, to make ready,
And with her tempting Eyes, and blushing Smiles,
Kindly invites me to the Feast of Love;
Now ye, in after Times, who hear my Story,
Wonder not that I thus in Death can dote,
And make my Bride-Bed even of my Grave!
For she has Charms might raise the Rocks to Wishes,
Or sink the troubled Waves to languid murmurs.
Say then, ye Gods! who read our inmost Souls,
Tho' my vast Fortunes all in Ruins lie,
Tho' I'm condemn'd, and must to-morrow die,
This Night is mine, and oh!
Is there on Earth a Man so bless'd as I.

[*Exit Guiderius.*

Finis Actus Tertii.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Wilderness upon the Side of a River,
with Ships on it.*

Enter Claudia.

Claud. **T**HE Night was Still as Nature never were,
But Hopes and Fears to *Chaos* turn'd my Soul,
Oh Love! thou great, thou rash resistless God!

Where

Where hast thou brought, oh whether doest thou urge me,
Before the Flow'rs are open'd to the Sun,
Or the Dew driven from the Weeping Trees;
I'm here, regardless of my Fame and Safety,
To seek the Prince, and tempt e'en his denial.
Remorseless Gods! I shudder at the Thought
Almost to madness—— yet I can't go back.
Ha! as I live and love, the *Hero* comes,
This way alone, and musing on the Ground:
Where's *Madoc* now that promis'd to assist me,
The lazy Wizzard's dreaming o'er the Scheme,
And leaves me to the hardest part: I must
Withdraw a while to still my trembling Soul. [*Retires.*]

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. 'Tis done! the mighty long'd for Bliss is over,
And I must back to die.
Now let me ask, thou fond, thou mad *Guiderius*,
What hast thou gain'd, but to be more a Wretch?
This Night, this Night, Words cannot paint my Joys;
Nor, now they're past, my Horror half express.
But oh *Aurosia*! What's in Life or Death
Now thou art in the Scale? thy lasting Woes,
Now thou art at my Heart? my self is trivial
Ev'n to my self: Oh! thou art doom'd, my Soul,
To worse than Death, a Life of bitter Anguish;
Which soon, nay, by my Pangs, is now begun.
Yes, when attir'd, I told her I must go,
As if some God had whisper'd my Intent,
A cloudy Paleness flew all o'er her Face,
And down she breathless sunk upon the Floor;
But then inhuman! base! How cou'd I so forsake her?
Heav'ns how? Some Frenzy, surely had possess'd me,
In Honours Name, to think it an Advantage;
Can I not now go back, at least to Comfort her?
Yet oh! her Voice regain'd, how shall I part?
And then my Friend— oh Love! oh cruel Honour!

I must not, dare not turn. Ha! see the follows;
 Her wounding Grief too weighty to be born,
 And with her fix'd, her ruddy watry Eyes,
 Which languishing accuse me to my self,
 Commands my longer stay; I must obey her,
 For my peirc'd Heart will know no other Thought.
 Why, why *Aurosa*, doest thou still pursue me,
 And why this form in Grief? you do not well,
 To make me thus neglect appointed Time,
 Which now calls louder on me to be gone;
 Consider, 'tis but for a Day we part.

Enter Aurosa supported by two Women.

Aur. It is for ever! Yes thou goest do die;
 And did not stronger Circumstance convince me,
 Yet there is something in thy Words and Actions,
 As tells me I shall never see thee more.

Guid. A Childish Fancy, Did'st thou Faint at this?

Aur. No, no, at something which confirms that Fancy;
 Your Soul, your Soul, cannot deceive it self:
 This Morning at the first approach of Light,
 Scarce had Sleep seiz'd on our unwilling Eyes,
 But mine was broke by an amazing Noise;
 I sought for you, but you had left my Side,
 And in the Room was walking in your Sleep:
 You swiftly turn'd about your Head, your Hands,
 Had all the Motions of distracted Talk;
 At length you stood and paus'd, then with a start,
 You threw your dreaming Body into Bed,
 And with a groaning Sigh, which seem'd to burst
 The stretching Strings of Life; thus wildly said,
 Yes I must leave her, leave my kind *Aurosa*,
 The Morning that attends my bridal Night,
 Parts us for ever; here your Rebel Breath,
 Wou'd not obey your forming Tongue, but rush'd
 Imperfect forth, Intrails of Stormy Sighs,
 You wak'd, I took you to my trembling Bosom,

Ask'd

Ask'd you the matter, you reply'd a Dream,
Had strangely troubled you, and as a Dream,
The Thought of it was lost in following Fondness.

Guid. Let never Mortal think himself secure
In secret Faults, while his vain bubbling Fancy
Has Pow'r to speak, when overlooking Reason,
Lies with his Body in unknowing Sleep.

Aur. You are displeas'd as if I knew too much,
Then it is so; it is your Silence owns it,
And I no longer doubt my dreaded Ruin.

Guid. Since you will rear the Secret from my Heart,
Know I this very Day, must loose my Head.

Aur. This very Day! that peircing sounds my Fate,
It cuts off all that's good from hopeful Life,
And points me only Death, a Refuge from long Misery.
But how are you thus trusted with your Life?
Where are the Guards that follow Men condemn'd?
Fain wou'd I, if I cou'd, yet hope 'tis better.

Guid. I've left a Friend I prize above my Life
A Bond for my return.

He wears my Chains; 'tis him my Guards attend,
And he, if I shou'd fail the time prefix'd,
Which all that's Just forbid! must for me die.

Aur. This is a Friend indeed, sure I shou'd know him.

Guid. 'Tis *Decimus*.

Aur. Love thou'rt no more, oh my despairing Soul!
Guid. fain, before we part for ever,
Fain wou'd I know, oh do not fear to speak,
For Rage shall rise no more; fain wou'd I hear
Some Reason, some Excuse, for my strange Wrongs.

Guid. I know no Reason; you may call it Love!
No, rather call it Madness, Folly, Villainy!
Or name it from my Conscious stinging Thoughts,
And make the Term too Hellish for Expression.

Aur. Now by my pitying Soul, which akes to
Pardon him,
There's something in that haughty sullen Sadness,
More sensible than in relenting Tears.

Aside.

You're

You're too severe a Judge upon your self;
I think it inconsiderate Fondness only,
As such forgive it, and with Love unbated,
I resolve to live and die with thee.

Guid. What do'st thou mean to die and yet forgive me;
Me, me, the Cause of such compelling Sorrows?
Oh! Torturing Goodness; Curse me, Curse me rather,
With something strangely damning on my Head:
Let me have Life, and let me have my Senses;
Let me be driven from the Race of Reason;
For all its Scorn and Curses will but hinder
The close Pursuit of my more dreadful Conscience:
Let me to some inhospitable Land,
Cruel as thou art Kind, there think alone;
Or if with Mortals, suffer just Destruction.

Anr. No more, no more, this Penitence is racking,
I cannot bear it. Oh my Lord! my Love!
Let us, if you will bless me, speak no more
Of what's past; but Husband what is left;
O Let's with speed to rocky Desarts fly,
To unfrequented Shades or lonely Roofs;
There hide us, till this low'ring Storm of Tyranny
Be blown away; till Fortune's weary grown,
Repents his Malice, and assists our Love;
Why do'st thou doubt my Wit, or Strength, or Will?
Who knows but Happiness may there be met,
Tho' in a poor Array, and unconceiv'd Delights.

Guid. Forbid it, all ye Pow'rs of Heaven and Earth!
Forbid it God! forbid it Conscience! Reason!
And thou immortal Honour! to whose Source
My living Soul is bent.

Anr. Assist me Nature: Oh! assist me Love,
To drive this Tyrant Honour from his Heart,
And Plant thy sweet, thy easie Statutes there.
Forgive me, since thy Life, thy much lov'd Life,
Was my sole Aim; but now, by thee convinc'd,
Rather by thy Heroick Will inspir'd,

} *Aside.*

I own

I own that Honour is the Noblest Mark
Thy Soul can shoot at : 'Tis the Hero's Wealth,
The only, and for which the Great are born.
Let grov'ling Mortals, such as thy *Aurofia*,
In Riches, Love, or Life, their Pleasures place,
Whilst thou triumphant over those Temptations,
In spite of Fate, dar'st keep thy Character.

Guid. This is too much *Aurofia*! oh thou canst not,
Thou canst not mean this killing Kindness ; no,
By Heav'n it's Artifice.

Aur. What Artifice ? Is not thy Glory mine ?
Shall I not be for ever styl'd most Happy ?
Above all Women blest ! the Bride belov'd
Of him, whose Mortal Mind exceeds Example,
A President for *Demy Gods* hereafter.

Guid. Yet by that Honour, by the God of Love,
I swear, 'tis Torment exquisite to part with thee.
To part ! why that's my End ! that, that alone,
Destroys the Master Principles of Life,
And Death can have no more than worthless leavings :
Then when I'm gone, oh ! blame me not *Aurofia*.

Aur. I blame thee ? no thou Matchless Hero no ;
How can I blame thee ? Thou, who canst so gloriously
Part with the Arms of Love for those of Death ;
And a dear Wife destroy, to save a Friend.

Guid. No more of that, if thou desirest my Honour.

Aur. Thou more than Man, thou future Son of *Jove*,
But one kind Wish, and then adieu for ever ;
When the short Tryal of thy Virtue's over,
And thou art rais'd to thy immortal Kindred,
When thou hast gain'd the Glories of the Gods,
And all the Eulogies of Heav'n are thine !
May'st thou ne'er Sighing Curse this forc'd unkindness,
Nor wish thou hadst embrac'd me once at Parting.

Aur. Say, wou'dst thou have me Vile and most Ungenerous,
Unworthy of thy Fame, or of thy love.

Aur. I wou'd not,

Guid. Then

Guid. Then say no more, least Love with Fame I forfeit ;
For shou'd I once more touch thy charming Body,
My Pains to part with it are so encreas'd,
That Friendship, Honour, all that's Just and Sacred,
Wou'd be too Weak to force thee from my Arms.

Aur. I'll say no more—— no more a Blessing hope,
That may thy Honour prejudice—— but oh !
If thou desirest quiet ev'n above,
Ne'er cast thy Eyes upon this wretched Earth,
Where thou may'st see thy once belov'd *Aurosa*,
Confin'd and dragg'd, of ev'ry Help forlorn ;
It sticks, I cannot speak the shameful rest,
But thou may'st think it, think it all *Guiderius*,
This first of Death.

Guid. The Thought is lightning, it has struck me through
My Soul, my Soul consumes ! oh Tyrant Pow'rs,
Deep damning Fortune, execrable Cruel,
I am but Man, I cannot be divided,
I cannot live for one, and die for th' other.

Aur. You cannot, neither shall you live for me,
But Pardon me, for moving thus your Mind ;
I thought your Goddess Honour had secur'd it
From Passions Force, or I had silent been.
Forgive my foolish Fondness, 'tis the last ;
And now my Husband ! Love ! farewell for ever !
For ever ! oh the dismal wounding Word !
Were it for Years ! for Ages ! there were Hopes,
But oh for ever ! — killing is the Sound,
As Swords or poison'd Arrows ; How it pierces !
Farewel, farewell ; for if I longer stay,
I shall not have enough of Life to leave thee. [Is going.]

Guid. Stay yet a little ; since I dare no more,
Let me but Look one tender last Farewel,
To all that e'er was excellently pleasing
To my departing Heart. Do not withdraw,
Still let me Gaze, Gaze my sick Soul away,
If possible, and know no other parting.

Aur. Have

Aur. Have you enough, shall I be gone?

Guid. If Gods your fiercest Vengeance is prepar'd,
For him who kills his Friend to save his Wife,
It must come on me, for I cannot part. [*Embraces.*]

Aur. What mean you Sir? oh press me not so close;
Is it to torture me, say cruel Lover,
You thus renew to my dazl'd dying Senses,
The Bliss I loose, to give me double Death.

Guid. Talk not of Death, for thou art Life, my Life,
And I will hold thee, spight of angry Pow'rs,
Of all the threatning of an angry Conscience,
And the incessant Cries of wounded Honour.

Aur. No, Honour is the Mistress of your Soul,
Will you neglect her for debasing Life?
For I am such, you say, and can you thus be mine?

Guid. Thine! only Thine! What have I said, my Tongue
Moves of it self, before my Heart can Guide it;
But I am past recanting: Glory then, farewell;
Glory, thou once bright Aim of all my Soul,
Thou darling Guardian of my springing Years
Farewel, I ne'er will think upon thee more,
This Hour I'll make the utmost bound of Memory,
And all behind, as if before my Birth:
Thou Love, shall to *Guiderius* *Glory* be,
As he a Conquest and Renown to thee.

Enter Claudia veil'd.

Guid. Ha! who art thou!

Claud. One great in Power, and as good in Will;
One that with Pity has your Passion seen,
And wou'd and can preserve it.

Guid. Thy Voice I've known, but the Cares of Love
Have overflow'd my Memory; If thou hast Pity,
Our Flight resolv'd, with Secrecy assist,
The only Aid we do of thee require,
So shalt thou make us (loving Wretches) happy;

H

So

So shalt thou gain our Praise and Blessing ever.

Claud. How vain is your Attempt? can *Britain* hide you
From dreaded Powers? no, your Disgrace alone
Will change your very Friends to your Destruction.
If you will live, if ye will happy be,
You must in other Lands your Safety seek.

Guid. O name the Means.

Claud. Pardon me if it may not be so proper;
The Lady's Absence for a while were well.

Aur. Oh! how can that avail!

Guid. Let me but know the End of this.

Aur. I'll not dispute it, 'twere to doubt thy Virtue;
But I conjure thee by thy Hopes, thy Honour,
By all thou hast, by all that Heav'n can give thee,
No Action to attempt till first I see thee.

Guid. So may my Fame unbranded be with Baseness,
And Heav'n, when the Pangs of Death are on me,
Dishonour not my Soul.

Aur. Then you will not forsake me.

Guid. Can't thou think it?

Aur. I have no more to say; oh my new Fears.

[Exit *Aurosia*.]

Claud. Now turn thy Eyes on the adjoining River,
Behold that *Ship*, dancing around its Anchor,
Her Sails unfurl'd, and courted by the Wheather;
Can you believe she stops her Course for you?
For you, delays her dalliance with the Wind,
And shuns the Smiles of an inviting Season.

Guid. The Eagle on her Banners speak her *Roman*,
Imperial *Rome*, the vanquish'd World's Metropolis.
But why for me? where is the Bound?

Claud. With your rich Presence fraught, young Hero,
The Sea of Joy that Floods it all around,
And Honours Sun which gilds the Gloomy Globe.
Wou'd not the Place fit thy aspiring Nature?

Guid. Oh I cou'd say as Air to stifled Mortals;
But where will be Respect and Honour there?

Claud. They

Claud. They still attended on Wealth, and that shall be
Thine in the amplest manner; wonder not,
The Mysteries I speak with ease are solv'd.

Guid. If this thou can'st, I sure shall be so far
Indebted to thee, that my utmost Will
Can ne'er repay the Generous Obligation.

Claud. Methinks I see thee in thy future State,
The Master of a sweet and vast Inheritance,
The Rendezvouze of friendly Sense and Jollity,
Splendid thy Dress, and gayly great thy Equipage;
The crowded Circus and the Amphitheater,
Behold thee as their other better Object,
Admir'd and envy'd to a Pattern pleasing.

Guid. And then the Crown and Center of thy Happiness,

Claud. Ah! there thou say'st it! that most blest of Woman!
To love her round in all the various Pleasures
Of an Indulging Fortune unmolested:
In downy Perfumes, wrapt and closely laid,
To waste each Night; in rounds of Joy each Day,
From City Palaces, to Country Villa's,
From publick Grandeur, to the lonely Silvan,
From Banquets there, to curious Gardens move,
By whisp'ring Fountains, thro' each sighing Grove,
While Nature's Musick aids and sings your Love.

Guid. Oh my wrapt Soul, what more can Earth bestow?
What more cou'dst thou? thou cou'd'st not wish so much!
Desire has limits, boundless is this Bliss;
But what's the Price? ah! that's a sinking Question:
'Tis a Friend's Life must purchase it — but then,
It is a barren Life, he knows not Love,
And Death, to one that dreads it not, is nothing.
What wou'd the meddling World say of the Fact?
Wou'd they not mark me out the fail of Honour?
No. Is there one of all its wiser Sons
So vastly brib'd, wou'd not have done like me?
Nor will the vulgar Voice disturb my Ears,
For great Mens Crimes are at the most but whisper'd.

But oh thou gen'rous Woman! tell me, ease me,
Can human Virtue, reach at a Return?

Claud. Did any but *Guiderius* ask that Question,
It were no wonder; Doom'd to speedy Death,
The worst of Death's, expected and prefix'd,
The golden Gates of Life set wide by me,
And do'st thou ask what Recompence?
Dull, rude, disrespectful, speakest thou to a Woman.

Guid. Cou'd I resolve unfaithfulness in Friendship,
Yet fly with Horror from the deed in Love?
Oh my *Aurosa*! what hast thou made of me? [*Aside.*

Claud. He pauses as he were but half resolv'd,
My Eyes may aid my Words. [*Unveils.*

Guid. Ah Heav'ns! the Sister of my injur'd Friend
That urges his Destruction! why, ye Fates,
Why have ye singled her from all her Sex?
Was there no other to compleat the Villain.

Claud. If it is a torture for the fair unhandsome
To be neglected, well it may for Beauty!
Beauty! Which Claims, which doubly does expect,
Oh Man thy Flatt'ries.

Guid. O wicked Woman! plain downright Damnation!
So clear, thy Soul is like a polish'd Mirror;
Shows me my Self, and shows me to Repentance.
What can'st thou make thy Brother's Life the way
To thy Desires? Thou wicked to a Wonder!
Ha! ye Immortals! save my changing Senses!
What then am I? oh far more black than she.
Cou'd I resolve to leave that Godlike Friend,
Who, to oblige me, took my Chains upon him,
And e'en his Life engag'd for my return?
Cou'd I resolve to give him Death for trusting me;
Curs'd, curs'd *Guiderius*! Cou'dst thou, durst thou think it?
How hast thy Conscience and thy Reason Slumber'd!
Where was thy boasted Principles of Honour?
Where wou'd have been that gawdy Life in View,
Which with long Scenes of Pleasure charm'd my Fancy?

Wou'd

Wou'd not this Image damn thy thinking Soul,
And make thy Breast a living Hell on Earth?
And when at last upon a dying Bed,
I shou'd reflect on the past Acts of Life,
O here! here wounding Horror is inexpressible!
This wou'd make Death a dreadful thing indeed,
The very thought on't shakes my Frame of Nature,
Frights back the Streams of Life into their Fountains,
And Love that rent my Heart is drove away.

Claud. Collected Vengeance Struggles to be loose,
Beware the kindled Rage of slighted Woman.

Gnid. Must I endure another Pang e're Death?
Aurossa! oh! — but since my Honour joyns
With weeping Love, I'll dare to prove my Virtue. [Exit.

Claud. He's gone, and as he went, his scornful Eyes
Shot pointed Flames into my weary'd Heart:

Ah! now my too fond Love and Shame of which
A dear Revenge assumes its rightful Place,
And now it Triumphs in my straitned Breast.
Oh that he yet were uncondemn'd and free,
That I might dart him at a Blow to Hell,
At one, one Blow: No, he shou'd linger Years,
And feel a Death for each detested Limb.

But am I quite forestall'd. No. To the King I'll go,
I'll Sacrifice my Pride, to Charm my Hate;

To rack him yet in Death with her he Loves:
Here then, my Soul, forget thy first of Wrongs,
Indulge thy latter Hatred to Excess,
And in the latter Evil leave the less.

[Is going.

Enter King, Madoc, Attendants at a distance.

King. No, thou false Fury, Vengeance is too near,
Too near thy self, Ingrateful Traytress! thee,
Whom to thy Glory, I have made the Partner
Of all my private Pleasures; still neglecting
The many Beauties of my Isle for thee;
Why? I say, Why hast thou so falsely play'd me?

Speak

Speak, if thy Guilt can speak, and if in Wit
(So well I know thee Lost, than Hell more false)

There be one slight Excuse, I will attend thee.

Claud. Since we have both Offended, let my Pardon,
Suffice for Both; you was the first Transgressor.

King. No Slave! I'll make thee know I am a King,
The Sacred Ruling Name that Sins unquestion'd;
The Image Royal of Imperial Jove,
Allow'd, like him, in Crimes which still are punish'd
With Rigour on the Vulgar Race of Nature.

Claud. A King art thou! thank Heav'n that Chance was
blind,
Else had some Lord or Peasant of thy Age,
Been in thy Place. Fond, pitiful in thine.
The Image Royal thou! the Ape of Jove!
On thee thy Statesman practices his Canning,
Thy Soldiers Prey, and ev'n thy Mistress Bubble.

King. Distracted! ha! but to compleat the Fury,
To leave thee not the least pretence to Justice;
Disrob'd of Royalty, allow me Man,
And does not universal Custom tell thee,
Custom, the Ground and Cement of all Laws,
Inconstancy, which is a Blot in Woman,
The Mark of lasting Infamy, still punish'd
With utmost Sharpness, is in mighty Man,
The most delightful Character.

Claud. Dull Tyrant, how thy Thoughts confute thy
Meaning?
So were we perjur'd if we were not False;
For when we swear to you eternal Constancy,
The Oath is to Inconstancy it self.

King. Thou'rt Woman, and thy Tongue is Contradiction,
Equivocation, and eternal Obstinacy;
Let me with Men engage, he may be conquer'd.

Claud. No, Woman is thy utmost stretch of Daring,
Thy Power, thy Defence; were I a Man,
As soon thou durst engage the God of War,

In all his terrible Array of Slaughter;
How I cou'd Dash thy Dastard Life to Atoms,
Or tread thee like an Insect into Nothing.

King. Least raging I forget thy feeble Sex,
And thou provoke me past the Rules of Manhood,
Away to Death; I mean to worse than Death,
For wav'ring thee, a Prison for thy Life.

Claud. For praying Patience keep the lazy Punishment;
Think not, bold Tyrant, thou shalt choose my Fate:
No; round and round the changing Earth I'll go,
Thro' flaming Sand, and ever-freezing Snow;
My Sex I'll harden, so that if I can,
I'll change me to that envy'd Creature *Man*.
Which if I do; fly hunted Tyrant fly;
Hide thee in Air, or under Waters lie,
Think upon burning Towns, the stormy Sea,
Whirlwinds and Thunder, and then think on me. [Exit.

King. Take thy own Will, it is enough thou'rt gone,
Thy Pride it self was almost insupportable,
And wasted by Degrees my sensual Flame;
But Falshood added, has destroy'd it quite,
And left me free and easie all my self.

Mad. How well might *Claudia* be succeeded now
By bright *Aurosa*!

King. Why do'st thou mention that pernicious Beauty?
Ha! the Thoughts stirring! how I burn and tremble!
The Tide of strong Desire, returns again,
Fiercely it rises, trickles thro' my Veins,
Washes my Heart with such a flowing Pleasure,
So swift, so sweet, so pressing and resistless,
O Resolution!

Mad. Ah Resolution! is't not very hard
When Pleasure ripe, and blushing on the Tree,
In all the sav'ry Pomp of vernal Nature,
When laughing Winds waft down the loaded Boughs
Unto our Hands, we must be fear'd away
By Resolution nodding on the Top.

King. Man

King. Man may resolve, but Nature still ordains ;
Yet such a Chastity, such Innocence,
Methinks 'tis more then Pity to destroy.

Mad. Will you be laugh'd at? Shall the subtile Sex
Deride your Insufficiency in Love?
Force is their Expectation, and the Man
That Baulks it for their Tears and frowning Flatteries,
Justly incurs their Scorn.

King. And yet I know her False and full of Cunning ;
I know that sure Repentance wou'd succeed,
Yet must I on, my Mind is bent for Shame :
Wonder no more, ye Mighty, and be Wise,
Ye fall a Sacrifice to Womans Eye's ;
Alas ! how well excus'd, her Heart unknown,
Since we still Perish when our Ruin's shown. [Exeunt.]

Enter Guiderius and Aurofia.

Guid. I cannot, dare not, violate my Honour,
It fits with Conscience on the Throne of Thoughts,
And Crowns me into Honesty.

Aur. Talk not of Honour, thou hast nought to do
With such a gen'rous Thought ; 'tis Lust, 'tis vile Change ;
Claudia, that *Roman* Strumpet hath seduc'd thee,
Done that in Minutes, that was Hours to me ;
Dissembler as thou art.

Guid. By my true Soul I Love thee, Love thee more,
Much more than Death ; I die each Moment for thee.

Aur. Off with thy glancing Eyes, nor cheat me more.
Love me ! a Fiend would Stagger at the Lie !
Love me ! What more than thou cou'dst my worst Enemy
Have done to spight me ? Ye all knowing Pow'rs,
Was there e'er seen Hypocrisy like this.

Guid. Close me ye Gods in some infernal Desart,
Keep from my Eyes the Lamps of hearing Heav'n ;
Let Hell-Hounds hunt me, Death for ever shun me,
Yet e'en there amidst that heap of Terror,
I wou'd prefer my Faith to thee, to thee,

Thou

Thou wrong Accuser ; rather than at large
Rove in the Bounties of a smiling Fate
With *Claudia* join'd.

Aur. All Words, meer Words ; there's nothing but thy stay,
Let Death, or Misery, or what can happen,
Shall e'er convince me of this boasted Constancy.
No, if thou go'st, by all that's true, thou'rt like
The rest of thy immoral changing Sex,
False, and already Cloy'd.

Guid. How, False ! and Cloy'd ! This partial Accusation
Has darted Daggers thro' my anxious Heart ;
Now Life, I soon will fly from thy Embraces ;
For now thou hast not one Charm left to tempt me.
The Sweets of Love, for which alone I wish'd
Longer to live, have turn'd themselves to Poison :
Be gone returning Fondness ; False ! and Cloy'd !
Oh ye just Gods, who form'd the World ye Govern ;
Whom then your Female Play-things shall adore
So much as to degrade your awful Pow'r ;
Would ye a Worthy Punishment inflict
Upon their guilty Souls for known Neglect,
Let them Love on, and vastly Constant be,
And let them, at the last, be unbeliev'd like me. [Exit.

Aur. He's gone ! but whither ? oh ! to die, to die !
And I must never, never, see him more !
Come all ye Winds, unite your utmost Rage ;
Whirl, whirl me after him ! I rise ! I fly !
See there ! he nimbly Mounts the Scaffold,
While the surrounding Tumults sound him Rebel.
He lays his sullied Head upon the Block ;
The Ax is lifted—Ah ! I've strove in vain (sever'd ;
To stop the falling stroke ; his Head and Body's
They leap about ; the reaking Blood sprouts from
them ; [Raving.
Thick shiv'ring Groans, the farewell of the Soul,
Force thro' his Lips, and work the frothy Blood ;
His dying Eyes unloos'd and full with Torment,
Give me their latest Look ; is it not so ?

Oh Curse ! my Spirits cool, and Sense returns,
 Now whither go I ? ah what am I now ?
 Ungrateful Man, let us no more compare
 Thy unrelenting Heart to Stones or Metals ;
 No, hardest Oar will to the Fire submit,
 And weeping Water, peirce the Veins of Marble ;
 And can I then, with common Grief declaim,
 So vastly urg'd, and such a wond'rous Cause ?
 Die, Die, *Aurofia* ! How ? by Sword or Poison.
 Oh the degrading Ends ; live, live *Aurofia* ;
 Live and Affront the over-ruling Pow'rs,
 To give a Death befitting of thy Life :
 Let Fires unheard of be thy speedy Doom,
 Or spreading Seas, thy ready Life consume ;
 Pounded beneath a fall'n Mountain Lie,
 Or dash'd to Death against the Steely Sky ! [Exit.

Finis Actus Quarti.



ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE changes to a Prison.

Decimus alone with a Book in his Hand.

Dec. **H**onest *Lucretius*, open in thy Thought,
 And e'en in Madness, wittily inimitable,
 Well hast thou search'd coy Natures secret Paths,
 Watch'd all her Motions in each subtil turn,
 Till tir'd, the Goddess yeilded to thy Arms,
 And there unfolded all her secret Charms.
 If my Ends, near —

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. Lord *Madoc* Sir, a Priest desires to know,
 If his Visit will not be troublesome.

Dec. O

Heroick Friendship.

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Dec. O by no means ; let the good Man enter.
Madoc ! that evil Influence to Greatness,
What can his Business be with me ?

Enter Madoc.

Mad. Commanded by the King, and urg'd by Hate, } *Aside.*
With how much Pleasure shall I Sound the Depths,
The Shoals and Shallows of this *Roman's* Heart.
I fear I shall be most unwelcome to you.

Dec. Please you to sit my Lord.

Mad. I grieve to tell you Sir, you soon must die ;
And therefore as my Office does require,
I'm come a little to prepare you for it.

Dec. First let us drink. Some Wine here.

Mad. Is Wine so proper now ?

Dec. The World and I have been Friends my Lord,
I shan't be in the Dumps at parting with it.

Mad. Be it with Temperance then, and I agree ;
I am not like those, who make themselves above
Those earthly Comforts which the Gods have giv'n.

Enter an Attendant with Wine.

Dec. So : Now depart — (*Exit Attendant.*) I do believe
your Lordship ;

Priests, as their Brother Poets, will drink Wine ;

'Tis their Inspirer, 'tis their very *Phœbus*,

The Bounteous Father of their ev'ry Muse.

Behold him in the Glass, the glorious He,

See here his lively Smiles, his warm Complexion,

And all the flaming Beauties of his Face ;

But above all, observe his furious Wit,

See how it Foams here, and Sparkles there ;

'Twas this bold changeless Offspring of his Brain,

Which set on Fire the uneven Globe,

Which dy'd the Streams of customary Vice,

And by the Satyr threatned vengeful *Jove*.

'Twas this whose swift smooth Feet reach'd scornful *Daphne*,

And turn'd the courted Charmer to a Laurel.

Mad. I would be serious Sir.

Dec. Then to be serious Sir, let us Examine
The wond'rous maze of boundless Nature well,
And try if we can find the secret Cause
Of this most known Effect. Why, good my Lord,
Of all Religions, those that are the wealthiest,
Are follow'd by you Poverty Preaching Priests;
And why is it that never yet Reformer,
Was Master of a Reverend Holy Benefice?

Mad. Your Thoughts were better on a future State.

Dec. What was my Dream last Night— yet 'tis no Matter.
O 'twas your Lordship shaking Hands with *Jove*:
I thought it had indeed, as most Dreams have,
Something of Monstrous in it.

Mad. I will not think you Mad, tho' you're Abusful;
Your wisest Stoicks I have study'd much,
And therefore shall not be asham'd to own
Your generous Contempt of Death;
Which not only stills my Anger, but excites
An awful Pity in me:
And I cou'd wish you yet wou'd bend to Reason.

Dec. Nay if your Lordship Flatters, you'll be Free;
Come let us joyn our Hands and Sin in Secret:
Say, will you have a Wench? I have within
A Couple of as plump and nice daub'd Harlots
As ever *Britain* bred.

Mad. Yet, e'er you have o'erpow'rd forgiving Patience,
Improve it to your Good, your Good I wish;
Employ it to the King, for he is Merciful;
He may compassionate your generous Soul,
And save you, or at least defer your Death.

Dec. No; but least you o'erpow'r my Civility
With base Impertinence, begone with speed,
Fly to your Closet, scan your sinful Soul,
And if you can believe the Rules you teach,
Tremble to Heav'n, gain Mercy for your self,

Die still in Thought, that Fate may be the less fear'd.
As for the Prince, it is enough to say,
He loaths thy Principles as much as I do.

Mad. Vile Sinner, by the Gods and me abjur'd,
I'll leave you to the Doom you scorn to shun,
Nor idly think of a returning Friend;
No, you are lost to Earth as well as Heav'n. [*Exit Madoc.*]

Dec. Then thou art gone *Guiderius*! gone! the Hero,
The Just, the Brave no more, and I must die.
Well, if he's happy, Death thou'rt not unwelcome;
And yet methinks he might have spar'd Ingratitude,
Where does Thought wander, turn thou sinking Thing,
From an ignoble, false desertless World,
To Death the last most noted Scene of Life:
That that behoves thee much. When on the Scaffold,
To sing, to laugh, to sternly Death disdain,
The Marks of Desperation, not true Courage;
And hopeless Cowards thus may Valiant seem.
It will not do ——— stay, something Noble offers;
Cou'd I but Sleep, or but dissemble Sleep,
That sure Expression of a careless Mind;
That only Phrase in which we can't dissemble,
Would raise my Fame above a common height.
Some Musick there. Your softest Strains apply. [*Soft Musick.*]
Enough — I find my Spirits all inclin'd;
Fermented by the Pleasure of the Night,
They settle to Repose: Kind Power welcome. [*Sleeps.*]

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where is my Friend? Illusion! Can he Sleep
And Death so nigh? at least, my long delay,
Might well have giv'n him Cause to think it so.
So soundly Sweet! What more cou'd soft Prosperity?
But thus it is with Man, who dares be happy,
Who dares release himself from Fear and Doubt:
For let the Mind but be establish'd firmly
On Principles of high unchanging Reason;

And

And tho' Fate threatens with severest Terrors,
 Tho' the Graves Gape, and glaring Ghosts ascend,
 Nay, shou'd he see the Parts of Being fail,
 Old Nature laid, the Elements and Seasons
 Eager of Civil War, and sure Confusion,
 Forcing their Freedoms from her dying Hands ;
 The Earth forsaken by supporting Rocks,
 Sink, break, and sever like expanded Ice
 After a Shelting Rain ; the furious Sea,
 Rampant in Liberty come rolling high,
 Drowning at once the faster Hill and Vale,
 The haughty Sun broke from his long restraint,
 Flaming Revenge against the Neighb'ring Heav'ns,
 Splitting and scattering the Christal Orbs.
 Shou'd he behold all this, he'd at the most
 But wonder, knowing well he cou'd but die.
 Awake, my Friend, the Hour of Death draws near.

Dec. Who calls— ha ! can it, can it be *Guiderius* !
 Inimitable Youth, return'd to die !
 To die for him ! Curse him that cou'd suspect thee.
 But say, my Godlike Friend, thy Entertainment,
 Has it been answerable to our Hopes ?

Guid. Had Goddess Nature from the briskest Life,
 Pick'd out of Love the most transporting Minutes,
 Crouded them all into one round of Hours
 For me, she could not more have charm'd ! O Friend !
Hymen e'er Yesternight had made us One.
 All Life, I rush'd into her willing Arms,
 Nor thought of Death but from her ready Charms ;
 With eager Spirits, first our Lips we join,
 While round her softer Limbs I fastned mine ;
 Her balmy Body to my Heart I prest,
 And with my Lips devour'd her panting Breast,
 But oh ! what envying God can speak the rest.
 Most knowing love had here no certain Mark,
 But shot at Random, thro' the pleasing Dark ;

}

Thro'

Thro' feeling Eyes, not only peirc'd the Heart,
But fired it o'er and o'er thro' e'ery Part,
Sweet rest was hateful, for we still lov'd on,
And e'en our Bodies like our Souls were one.

Dec. If such thy Bliss has been, why hast thou left it?
Cou'dst thou not fly with her, whom after these,
These mighty Joys she gave, thy Soul must doat on ever?

Guid. I cou'd have fled in Foreign Lands, been Safe,
But Friendship.

Dec. How cou'dst thou leave the downy Lap of Love?
Of blooming Love! that with transporting Freedoms
Lull'd thy adored Soul; and turn to Death?
It is impossible, in Nature false.

Guid. How! false!

Dec. A very vicious Boast, where cou'dst thou go?

Guid. Since you provoke a Boast, to Rome I cou'd,
To your Inheritance; urg'd to forsake you
E'en by your Sister *Claudia*.

Dec. How the Gods labour to erect thy Fame?
Immortal happy Youth! now what am I?
Thy Foil, thy Setter off, is it not so?
Why didst thou not, when urg'd, leave me to Death?
Yet so I had engross'd the worth of Glory,
And left thee nought but Dross thou worthy all!
What's to be done?

Guid. The little Time my Brother's Hate allows
Lets give to kind farewels; what can we more?

Dec. Then wilt thou leave me destitute in Fame?
Is there no way to equal thee in Friendship?
Impossible! but is there nought but Words
To testify my Heart? ha! I've a Thought
Though dreadful, yet my *Genius* calls it Just;
Speed it requires; stand like a Man my Friend,
For I must tell thee something strangely horrid;
I love thee more than all the World beside,
And therefore will not let thy Life be ended
By slavish Hands upon a publick Scaffold,
A Holiday for the rejoycing Vulgar;

No,

No, as thou hast liv'd in most uncommon Honour,
 So shalt thou die. Come then belov'd of Gods,
 Thou Favourite of Fame, bright setting Hero,
 Whose rising Rays shall warm the wiser World,
 Close to my Breast I'll press thee, whilst I tell thee
 These Arms that now embrace, shall end thy Life.

Guid. Excessive Friendship! ha! what then becomes of thee.

Dec. No matter, he that dares to die, dares any Thing;
 Let the dull Patient Wretch, who ne'er has known
 One Hour of Comfort but from flatt'ring Hope,
 Drudge on in tedious Life; For me my Friend,
 The World has all been mine, I've nothing now to hope
 But a surviving Name, which thou alone can't give me.
 Why do'st thou Pause? thy Brother can but kill me:
 And oh! to leave thee to his hateful Justice,
 When I had Pow'r to prevent it. Gods!
 This would alone my Actions past deface,
 And make me ever odious to my self.
 Do'st thou look up with an assent, oh Blessing,
 The Clouds depart, altho' it be in Showers;
 Come then dear Youth, a last but short Farewel;
 Say, shall I kill thee, shall we triumph? shall we?
 Over thy Tyrant Brother now approaching?

Guid. Since you esteem it best, I must agree,
 For now your Quiet's mine; thus to your Arms,
 Thus let me Clasp you once for vast Eternity;
 Once worthy th' everlasting Separation
 Of such uncommon Friends;
 For now each Object which my Sense discerns,
 Seems silently to look a last farewell.
 Can't thou not speak? then crush me closer Friend,
 Farewel, farewell, oh! 'tis a fatal Word,
 It drowns my Eyes, and choaks my fault'ring Speech.

Dec. What can I speak? I was not form'd for softness,
 Nor sobbing Grief, but my close Heart weeps Blood;
 Look thro' my Eyes, and there thou may'st perceive

A sullen

A sullen solemn Scene of inward Mourning
Which scorns to be express'd in outward show,
But I waste time, and thou may'st be forc'd from me;
Be thus then, oh be thus, our last Embrace.
Closer, yet closer; let it be a hearty one,
For 'tis the last, it must, it must be so;
Take then thy distance and make bare thy Bosom. [Draws.
Full nobly hast thou done it, Spight of Fear;
Yet hast thou ought to speak, e'er I kill thee?

Guid. *Aurosa*, oh! much cou'd I talk of thee
But 'tis too late. [Aside.

Dec. Methought I heard a distant Voice say something;
Thy Brother comes, and if he's still the same
Lean on my Arm, my Sword fix'd to thy Breast,
I'll Stab thee e'er his Pow'r can prevent me.
E'en in his Sight, thus while he heaves the Cup,
I'll dash his Draught of Vengeance in his Face.

Enter King, Madoc, Attendants and Guards.

King. Where are the Hero's, whose transcendant Friendship
Shall Guide the World unborn?
What do I see! oh Horror and Confusion!
What means the *Roman* by that deadly Posture?
How is it with *Guiderius*?

Guid. Well, past thy Pow'r.

King. Then I am past all Goodness; and thou Hell,
Thou hideous Reward of all that's wicked,
Show me in all thy various State of Torments,
From Purple Tyrants, to the Lustful Slave,
A Soul so damn'd, so amply damn'd as mine.

Guid. What can I think, or can I think at all!
What means the King?

King. I mean by Tend'rest Care, and constant Kindness
To heal thy Wrongs. O Brother can't thou Pardon me!
What matchless Virtue, oh what heav'nly Honour
Have I attempted to destroy!

Guid. Oh beless kind, that I may think you real.
What must I live, live with my Wife and Friend?

King. Yes, I cou'd Curse my self, that give thee Cause to
Doubt it.

K.

Guid. Now

Guid. Now I must live, live with a Thousand Pleasures,
Which I had all renounc'd comes crowding on me;
Avaunt ye Fawners, room for my *Aurosia*;
The dear *Aurosia*, first-born of my Joys,
Is mine! not only for a fleeting Night,
But oh! for Years! for Ages! wholly mine.

King. I'm happy too that can compleat the Bliss.

Guid. What is she here! *Aurosia* mine again!

[Goes to the Door and returns with Aurosia.]

What in my Arms! how bright the World is grown!
The Gods all Smile, and Nature is in Raptures,
Oh! Let me press thee to my ardent Heart,
Which beating to my own in wildest Extacy,
Can only tell my Thoughts.

Aur. While our fix'd Eyes, Loves softer sweeter Voice,
Express in melting Strains our mutual Fires,
How much we've lov'd, how well we've disagreed,
Since from the Frowns of a fatal Honour freed.

Dec. Whence cou'd proceed this most unlook'd for Change.

King. Your wond'rous Example wrought it.

Dec. But what return can your Majesty expect from us.

King. A Treasure which I rate above my Kingdom,
To be into the sacred Bond admitted
Of your Immortal Friendship.

Dec. That can be but a trivial Grant in us
Which Justice cannot otherwise dispose.

King. Nor wou'd I have it. To confirm my Word,
Be now a Witness of my Reformation.

Madoc, as a dishonest double Dealer
An undermining Flaterer, Coward, Villain,
I Banish thee for ever from my *Britain*.
Go see my Pleasure executed instantly,

[To an Attendant which goes out with Madoc guarded.]
While we remain a Blessing to each other,
And by our Actions past, convince the World,
Though Precept for a Time our Sense may Rule,
Example only can convert the Soul. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*